The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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DRESS.

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For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's Advertisement, page 698.

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For increasing the height see Arthur Girvan's advertisement, page 694.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early. — Vandy, next Wyndham's Theatre (Dept. MM), London.

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We can help you to make money.—This is a straightforward business offer. Send for particulars immediately.—Ernest Green, 54, Humber Street East, Hull.

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FREE, 7s. 6d. Safety Razor, with extra blades, absolutely free to all sending P.O. 1s. 6d. (3d. extra for postage and packing) for one of our marvellous 3s. 6d. Pocket-knives, English oxydised steel handles, best make; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4670, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 700.

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COUPON for our 6th "CENTRES" COMPETITION

For particulars see page 696.

MY "CENTRE"

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The Modern Man

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CHEEK.

"Sharks Exposed," shouts a flaring contents bill. It is enough to make even the most cold-blooded fish shiver at the bare suggestion.

* * *

The "threepenny doctor," Dr. Jelly, is alleged to have recently described the police as "rotters." I wonder whether our guardians of the peace would like to electrocute Dr. Jelly with a red current?

* * *

With regard to one member of the M.C.C. team in Australia, the local bowlers declare ruefully that there is a lot of method in his Woolley-ness.

* * *

"Horses are ticklish creatures, so my husband used to say," observed dear old Mrs. Footler, on the subject of racing; "and it's for that reason, I suppose, that they have to be scratched so often."

* * *

A Sheffield woman, asked why she had not sent her child to school, replied, "He has played football until it has brought on fits." That is, I doubt not, why the Scotch, ever practical, give the game the name of "fit-ba'."

* * *

Mr. George Edwardes is to be congratulated on having called his new Gaiety play, "The Sunshine Girl," because now no carping critic will be able to say it is all moonshine.

* * *

The Wick C.C. recently went for a long country run. As might have been expected, the Wick made light of it.

* * *

The other night, when Sir Herbert Tree, as Svengali, was called before the curtain after the play, he did so after the fashion of a ghost. It goes without saying that the other members of the company were delighted to see the ghost walk.

* * *

A new-comer to the Alhambra is an English violinist, Miss Daphne Grey. Despite her name, the critics say that the lady is the pink of perfection.

* * *

The gentleman who inquires in a contemporary "Shall I Give Tips?" is evidently desirous of a few pointers.

* * *

Another music-hall query: Can Ted E. Box?

* * *

Barry Lupino, of Drury Lane, is matched to box Syd Walker, a comedian from the Borough Theatre, Stratford, ten rounds at the "Ring." Another comedian, Charles Austin, has challenged the winner. Do these popular people aspire to make an even greater hit?

* * *

Are women to challenge men's supremacy at hammer-throwing now? A Suffragette has performed the remarkable feat of throwing one right through a window of the Home Office, Whitehall.

J. S. Cox.

NEAT.

Sir Frederick Treves, the famous surgeon, is fond of quoting a certain review of his book "The Other Side of the Lantern." Not that there was anything remarkable about the article as a whole, but the final sentence was a "gem," for it ran as follows: "Appropriately enough the book has no appendix."

THEY WOULD FRIGHTEN MASSA JOHNSON.

Travelling through Central Africa, the Duke Adolphus Frederick of Mecklenburg has discovered a race of giant natives—the Watuni. Their average height is 7ft., and many stand nearer 8ft. According to the Duke they are wonderful high-jumpers, capable of clearing 9ft. at a bound.

We might engage one or two of them to represent us in the leaping competitions at the Olympic Games.

COMFORT.

The Rev. A. J. Waldron, the well-known Vicar of Brixton, tells this story apropos the often slovenly way in which the Lessons are read in Church.

The hero was a young and nervous curate, who read without any regard to sense or punctuation, and one morning he concluded the Second Lesson like this, and all in one breath:

"'Wherefore comfort ye one another with this saying' here endeth the Second Lesson."

PARAFFIN VERSUS RUST.

Even experienced rifle shots often oil the barrel of their rifle inside and out with paraffin, under the impression that it is a preventive of rust. This is a mistake. Paraffin is useful for removing rust, but does not prevent its formation.

Russian petroleum is the oil to use for preserving the bore of a rifle. It has the effect of covering the bore with a thin waterproof film, through which no moisture can penetrate to the steel.

It should be applied with a piece of flannelette attached to the cleaning rod, and must first be well worked into the flannelette with the fingers, otherwise it will be scraped off when being put into the breech.

G. C. BADGES.

Two years is the shortest period in which a soldier can earn a good conduct badge—a chevron worn on the left arm, and carrying with it one penny a day extra pay—and during this time the soldier must not have had a "regimental entry" recorded against him.

Five years is the qualfying period for two badges, twelve years for three, and so on, up to the six G.C. badges that are the reward of twenty-eight years' good behaviour, always provided that an additional badge will not be granted within two years of a regimental entry.

If, however, a soldier has been clear of the regimental defaulter book for fourteen years, then the qualifying period is reduced by two years.

Only non-coms. under the rank of corporal or bombardier are eligible for G. C. badges.

GOLFING ICONOCLASTS.

One by one the time-honoured traditions of golf are disappearing, at least as regards playing style, and more particularly driving.

Twenty years ago, the beginner, when learning to drive, was taught three cardinal points:

1. To grip tight with the left hand, lightly with the right.
2. To keep his right foot slightly to the rear of his left foot.
3. To take a full swing right round his shoulders.

Now, there are many fine drivers who grip equally with both hands, and keep the right foot in advance of the left. There are also many who take a three-quarter or even a half swing, and yet get a long and straight ball.

The newest and greatest revolutionary of all, however, is the gentleman who propounds the startling theory that it is not necessary to keep your eye on the ball when making a shot. Shade of Tom Morris!

MR CHOKEMOFF

A RACING YARN.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

The case of Mr. Chokemoff, the eminent Polish Jew bookmaker, has come to my ears, and seems to me to be a strong argument against a bookmaker's attempting to mix up the sentiments of the penny bank promoter and the first-aid lecturer with the racing world. And the penny bank promoter says "be thrifty," while the St. John's man adjures one to be prepared in case of accidents. In *la vie sportif* only bookmakers are thrifty, and, "bar accidents," is a phrase familiar enough for everyone to know that the racing man has to eliminate such things from his calculations.

Not taking note of this, Mr. Chokemoff, failing to perceive what a bitter piece of sarcasm it was, was in the habit of posting each week to all his clients who had a losing account a sort of lump of consolation in the form of a lucky pocket-piece, around which was written "Keep me and never go broke."

In the centre was a farthing, behind a circular scrap of transparent celluloid. Accompanying it was a neat little inch-by-three-quarters case (also of celluloid) containing various sorts of sticking plaster of the black, pink, and white variety suitable for cuts; a tiny phial of ammonia for stings, and a powder that, dissolved, was (said the scrap of paper accompanying it) the best thing to apply to black eyes.

On both these little gifts was inscribed the name of the generous advertiser.

Now, Mr. Chokemoff was a starting-price, credit-account bookmaker of very high class. He prided himself, also, on having fewer bad debts on his books than any man in London. And, let me hasten to add, that he paid on the Monday whatever one had to come—even if one's winning balance amounted only to a sum that could be sent in stamps.

Now, a certain credit to his birth, a man who may with point be called the Honourable Walter Goodfamily, was introduced to this most exemplary of bookmakers, and the business that followed was such as delights the hearts of all right thinking sportsmen. It was the case of a gentleman always ready to meet his liabilities dealing with a bookmaker whose cheque on Monday mornings was a certainty at the same quotation as the sunrise.

Each week for most of that season, cheques to and fro turned up with the punctuality of the official starter at the post. They were always for substantial sums on either side, until there came a week when the account Mr. Chokemoff had against the Hon. Walter Goodfamily was exactly seven shillings and sixpence. Mr. Chokemoff sent it off with the usual accompanying lucky pocket-piece and the handy first-aid case.

And as the same was under a pound, the Honourable Walter did not bother to write a cheque for it. It also happened that he decided to give racing a rest, as a period of interregnum between two big meetings had set in, and he did not send any commission for the ensuing fortnight.

Now, Mr. Chokemoff, as has been written, was top-weight in the Shrewd Stakes, even for a son of the Chosen Race. He was a hundred and fifty per cent. more suspicious than a Scotland Yard man, keen to better his position.

He said that his client had failed in strict settlement—which is more a proof of vice in racing than any other business.

He therefore dictated a note of his usual formula, and strange to say, it was due to that peculiarly cutting class of missive that he had so few bad accounts. It invariably ran:—

"Dear Sir,—As you have not been gentleman enough to pay me the money you owe me, I am writing to say that I will make you a present of it. Kindly note that I have removed your name from my list of clients."

Only rarely did he get a reply thanking him for his generosity.

Providing the receiver of such a communication had a spark of pride left and one article on which he could raise the money, back it came with insults to match by return.

Such a note was received by the Hon. Walter, at his bachelor chambers in Mount Street.

For a moment his man had all he could do to prevent his master from succumbing to an apoplectic fit. When the first shock was over, however, he proceeded to be pleased that he was a member of the Coaching Club, and he selected a particularly suitable horsewhip, only pausing, on being seized with an inspiration for poetic justice, to slip into his right pocket all the lucky pocket-pieces, and into his left pocket the handy first-aids that he had received from Chokemoff at various times.

Once at that gentleman's office, he threw three half-crowns on the table and led off with his fists. Having provided Mr. Chokemoff with as handsome a pair of black eyes as ever were seen, he paused to cast at his head, one by one, the handy first-aids, adjuring him to extract therefrom the powder that was such a remedy for the class of injury that affected both his optics at the moment.

This done, he made a triumphant exit, declaring that he would not be indebted to him even for a miserable piece of sticking-plaster.

But the Jew recalled him.

"You 'ave forgodden somevings—the bocket-bieces," he said. "It must be nearly two dozen I haf send you. *Frow dem bag at me, sir, frow dem bag!*"

POSTIES' BADGES.

You have probably noticed postmen wearing gold bars on the left breast of their coats. These are the postmen's rewards for good and long service, and they take some earning.

Apart from the increased wages they signify, they are valued as evidence of character.

At one time a man had to serve five years for each bar, but now he serves five years for the first bar and four years for each succeeding one.

Each bar carries a shilling a week extra pay up to a maximum of six shillings, but postmen will tell you that they are very easily forfeited.

LONDON CAMEOS.

XV. LOST.

Right in the thick of the traffic in Piccadilly Circus, in the middle of the day, a fox-terrier ran hither and thither in a vain and bewildering search for his owner.

He was completely disorganised by the manifold obstructions. So fast as he attempted to run in one direction a motor-'bus lumberingly intervened, or a speedy taxi almost grazed his nose, driving him back in a panic and into the dangerous proximity of some other soulless, terrifying vehicle.

He skipped and he dodged, and he backed and he crouched. To begin with, his tail had been erect, emblem of proud confidence; now it hung drooping between his cringing flanks.

The traffic hereabouts is as the meeting of several rivers; like a cork amid the congestion the terrier was helpless, impotent to escape from the maelstrom.

At last came a momentary lull, a fugitive pathway, an open road for a dash. The dog revived his tail-parts and hastened to take full advantage of it.

He evaded a taxi, skipped under the hoofs of a leisurely trotting cab-horse, and brought up, four feet outstretched and sliding, within an inch of a motor-'bus.

He remained there cringing. He turned about, and made a frantic abortive rush in the opposite direction. He got all in a tangle with the feet of another cab-horse, escaping death by a miracle of wrigglings and distortions.

By now he was a terrier in a very depressed state indeed. He looked about him with a feeble, drooping head; his eyes were turned back like those of a caught rabbit; he deliberately gave up the struggle, rolled over on one side and howled.

A policeman just then swooped down on him, swung him under his arm, examined his collar, and marched off with him.

The terrier offered no objection, lying limp and dejected with agitated hollows.

G. A.

HOW MONEY-LENDERS ARE DEFRAUDED.

THE "FLY" FLY DOES THE SPIDER IN THE EYE.

It is notorious that any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, and any epithet is good enough to hurl at the money-lender. "Blood-sucker" is among the mildest terms for the long-suffering gentleman; but, while not being particularly in love with money-lenders as a class, the writer will endeavour to show that it is not all billiards and champagne—or even beer and skittles—being Shylock. He is a "mark" for the clever division, and every needy adventurer rejoices in the idea of doing a money-lender.

Not so very long ago a gang of enterprising gentlemen were sentenced at the Old Bailey for defrauding a West-End "financier" by a childishly simple process. The money was borrowed on the security of a life insurance policy; but it happened to be one to which the adventurers had no sort of title. The details will be fresh in my readers' memories.

AN IMPUDENT SCHEME.

Once a well-dressed lady, wearing plenty of jewellery, called upon a money-lender not far from Piccadilly and wanted an advance on a bill of sale. The preliminary negotiations being satisfactory, Mr. McAlister—as we will call the financier for the moment—went down into Kent to inspect the security. He was hospitably received by the lady who had called at the office, and she introduced him to her husband, a well-dressed middle-aged man, with an aristocratic air. The big house was filled with beautiful and substantial furniture, and Mr. McAlister mentally ticked off the security as "O.K."

Every room—save one—in the house, with its contents, was inspected, and everything was going swimmingly, when suddenly a furious banging and shouting proceeded from a room which Mr. McAlister had not been shown. Betraying extreme perturbation in her white face and trembling hands, the would-be borrower attempted to distract the financier's attention; but he insisted on finding out the cause of the uproar.

CARETAKERS.

Eventually the banger and shouter was released from confinement, and then the whole pretty scheme was disclosed. The well-dressed lady and her husband had been left in charge of the house while the real owner and his family were away at the seaside. They had also been left in charge of a harmlessly weak-minded son, who had been locked in a room during the money-lender's visit. He of the defective intelligence had, however, resented his confinement, hence the banging and shouting. The swindlers became what the Americans called "rattled," and had not the nerve to go on with their plot. Had they kept their heads they might have explained away the assertions of the weak-minded son, and Mr. McAlister might to-day have been lamenting the loss of much good money.

TRAPPED IN A LONELY HOUSE.

Another adventure of Mr. McAlister might have had a much more serious finish, though the opening scene was very similar. Again a well-dressed and charming lady opens negotiations for a loan; again the money-lender goes to her house with a wad of bank-notes to "complete." The lady disappears, leaving the money-lender alone in the room. To him enters a man of ferocious aspect, bearing a pistol in one hand and a poker in the other, obviously with no benevolent intent.

It is a lonely house in a lonely road in one of London's farthest suburbs, and the situation is cheerless. Desperate, Mr. McAlister seizes the lighted lamp from the table and hurls it—not at his antagonist's head, but through the window. Lonely as the place is, that signal attracts attention, and in a few seconds police and neighbours are thundering at the door.

This sounds, I admit, like the invention of a sensational novelist, but it actually happened to one of the best-known money-lenders in London, who is firmly of opinion that he was never intended to leave that lonely house alive.

Money-lenders are often denounced for charging inquiry fees, but if these are justified at all, it is by the outrageous lies—not to put too fine a point upon it—told by the average borrower when endeavouring to separate Shylock from some of his capital. Not one in a hundred—so the writer is informed by an old-established money-lender—ever dreams of giving a truthful account of his position and prospects. A "small" borrower will say that he is employed by a certain firm at £—— per week. Inquiries show that he has absent-mindedly forgotten to mention that he was discharged from that employment some months before making the application for the loan.

ONLY A BARMAID.

A smartly-dressed girl represented herself as the wife of a South London publican and wanted to borrow a small sum without her husband's knowledge. An emissary of Shylock found the pub. a large and apparently prosperous one, but, mingling discreetly with the crowd of drinkers in the saloon-bar, discovered his would-be client merely employed as barmaid at a few shillings a week and her food.

The efforts of ignorant and illiterate borrowers to impose on Shylock are full of comedy, when the slightest thought might show them that the attempted deception is bound to be found out. It is no uncommon thing for a temporarily-embarrassed tradesman to give as sureties the names of two friends who, when inquiries are made, repudiate the very idea in no measured terms. But the champion, unbeatable case of misdescription was that of a man who, on making his application for a small advance, said he was a "timber merchant." He sold matches.

VAUGHAN DRYDEN.

TOURNAMENT DRAWS.

HOW TO ARRANGE THEM.

Men who for the first time have organised a billiard, golf, or other tournament are sometimes puzzled how to conduct the "draw."

The following information will not only keep them right, but will also prevent any disputes amongst the competitors, and such disputes are always unpleasant.

If the number of competitors is a power of 2, that is, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, etc., the procedure is perfectly simple. All you have to do is to write the names on slips of paper put them in a hat, or box, shake them up, and draw in pairs.

If, however, the number of competitors is not a power of 2, "byes" must occur, and your task is to arrange things so that all the byes will be in the first round.

The rule is to subtract the number of competitors from the nearest power of 2. The difference will give you the number of players who must receive byes in the first round.

For example, suppose there are 30 competitors. The nearest power of 2 to 30 is 32, and, therefore, there will be two byes in the first round.

This means that in the second round there will be 16 players. Sixteen is a power of 2, which will eventually reduce to 2, and, therefore, there will be no more byes.

Suppose, however, that the number of players is 27; 32 is again the nearest power of 2, and the difference is 5, and, as before, 5 byes must be given in the first round. This means 16 players in the second round, and no more byes, but the question arises who is to play the odd bye.

The rule is that the winner of the first match in the first round is bracketed with the last bye for the second round, thus leaving the remaining 14 players to be drawn in pairs in the usual way.

I should, perhaps, have explained that the ballot is conducted as follows:

Each player is given a number, separate slips of paper with corresponding numbers are then placed in a box and drawn out singly. The player whose number is first drawn plays the second, the third the fourth, and so on. The byes are determined by the first numbers to come out.

Thus, if there are five byes, the players holding corresponding numbers to the first five numbers drawn receive the byes, their names being written at the top of second round competitors.

In this case the winner of the first match in the first round would play No. 5 player on the second round list, the remaining matches being drawn by ballot.

THE GRIMMEST EPISODE I HAVE KNOWN IN WAR

A TRUE STORY.

By FRANK SCUDAMORE.

I have been asked to recall what I believe to have been the grimmest and most heart-breaking episode that has come within my experience in the various campaigns in which I have taken part.

War is all so grim, and, look at it as one may, is so filled with cumulative horrors that it is not easy to decide upon which ugly occurrence is the most ghastly one that I can remember; but I have in mind one incident which seems to me to represent in its dread and remorseless cruelty the utmost limit to which human endurance may be taxed and the victim of unreasoning fate win through.

The story I will tell is of a drama enacted during the final stages of Lord Kitchener's triumphant progress up the Nile towards Omdurman.

I may say that Lord Kitchener himself regarded this tragedy as a happening brought about by his direct disregard of omens and their value.

That is not to say that Kitchener is in any way a man of superstitions, but every man in some sub-conscious manner is subject to the influences of mysticism, even though he may pretend to be a scoffer. However, here is the tale.

There was a certain gunboat—and when I say gunboat on the Nile, I should explain that the craft we dignified by the name were for the most part old "Cook's" post-boats fitted with machine guns, mounted on a superstructure, which of necessity rendered them top-heavy. This particular vessel had had, perhaps, as eventful a history as could be told of any boat built since Noah sent the Ark afloat. It was one of the few paddle steamers that, under the supervision of Sir Evelyn Wood, had been hauled through the Great Cataract above Wadi Halfi in the autumn of 1884 when Lord Wolseley was leading his expeditionary force to that abortive relief of beleaguered Khartoum. Six thousand Dongolese tribesmen were employed in this service, and the present writer was one of the eight men on board during the ship's passage through the cataract.

Incidentally, I may say that Sir Evelyn Wood himself, though anxious to be of that party, was not permitted, for obvious reasons, to join the volunteers. Sir Richard Poore —now Admiral—was in command, and his lieutenant was Mr. Hardy, now high in the Service and a direct descendant of that famous Hardy of Nelson's time.

The ship's misfortunes began, as might be expected, at the most critical moment of the venture. At the foot of the great gate of the cataract, through which the main volume of the Nile flood was pouring at a speed of some thirty miles an hour, the six nine-inch grass hawsers that held us snapped with one accord, and the Nasif-el-Kheir (as was then her name) hurled back against the rocks.

It looked like disaster for a moment, and the native pilot, who knew his Nile, promptly seized his sleeping mat and dived over the stern into the surging foam, to find ultimate safety some twenty miles down stream. But Commander Poore was not beaten. Instantly by his signals Lieutenants Van Kougnet and Rupert de Lisle (he fell at Abu Klea), who were his aides on shore, hurried another contingent of tribesmen into the water, convoying fresh cables, which reached us and were braced on just when the vessel was bumping on to a jagged mass of black rock. The position was saved!

This was not our only vicissitude during that eventful day, and, incidentally, I may say that five British sailors and nigh a hundred natives lost their lives before the "Nasty Fairy," as our "Matelows" called the old tank, was safely moored at the south-end of the Bab-Lel-Kebir; but inasmuch as British pluck and determination won the day, I will not further dwell upon this chapter of the boat's story.

Let me say, briefly, that the "Nasty Fairy" made her way under steam through the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth cataracts of the Nile, and, after taking part in the fighting that happened at Berber (where General Eyre was killed), was ultimately abandoned at Korti (a desolate outpost well remembered by many soldiers), where, after the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon, the disastrous enterprise was recognised as abortive, the British force was withdrawn, the frontier line between Egypt and the Soudan was retired to the first cataract, and the whole of the vast southern country, which had been won by decades of the sternest work, was yielded up for twelve years to the barbarous dominion of the Khalifa.

During those twelve years the "Nasty Fairy" had a varied and exciting career. On many occasions she carried the Khalifa Abdullah, and with him his then prisoner, Sir Rudolph Slatin Pasha (to-day Inspector-General of the Soudan), on journeys whose inevitable object was the ruthless slaughter—the wholesale annihilation even—of tribes who had offended against the ruthless laws of the remorseless tyrant of the Soudan. Notably—to mention but one of these expeditions, the "Nasty Fairy" brought back to Omdurman, lying on her deck, under a weight of elephant chains, the seventy-five chiefs of the Batchin tribe, whose execution was, perhaps, one of the most gruesome of the hateful examples of the Khalifa's wrath.

These seventy-five, with whom were their wives and children, were flogged with rhinoceros hide whips through the tortuous streets of Omdurman to the parade-ground, where fifteen gibbets had been erected, and there one group of them was hanged, another group was beheaded, and of a third, both hands and feet were hewn off, and the victims told that, by the Khalifa's mercy, they might, thus mutilated, crawl back to their own country, two hundred miles away.

* * * * * * *

Ultimately the "Nasty Fairy" fell again into our hands at Berber, when Lord Kitchener captured the city in November, 1897. She was at the time perhaps as typical a wreck as ever has been handed over to the ship-breaker. She had no deck, no paddle-boxes, no woodwork, indeed, throughout her economy, and her machinery was tied together with bits of wire and palm fibre.

Any man but Kitchener—at any rate, any other British general, for our soldier men in command are, as a rule, not concerned with expense—would have left her where she lay against the mudbank at Berber. But Lord Kitchener, who is as great a financial economist as he is a military organiser, held other views. On his Nile Expedition nothing that could be converted into a useful agent was ever neglected by him, and within a week a small army of British naval artificers was working night and day, busy as gnomes in a mine, on the battered and festering hulk of the old post-boat.

In due course the "Nasty Fairy" was reborn, and, spick and span, with armoured sides and machine-gun superstructure, was launched from the Berber slips.

Being reborn, she was fitly re-christened, and thenceforth steamed under the title of the "El Teb."

And now to the gruesome incident of my story:

We were in the final stage of the Khartoum Expedition of 1898. We had already passed the sixth Nile Cataract, the last stretch of broken water that lay between us and our goal. Some of us, indeed, this writer among them, had pushed forward with General Broadwood's cavalry on reconnaissance and had looked down on the Khalifa's stronghold from the heights of Kerreri.

We had even seen the whole of the mighty host of Dervish warriors—70,000 men, horse and foot—drawn up on parade on the plain before Omdurman.

The "El Teb," erstwhile the "Nasty Fairy," was steaming up through the narrow gorge of Shabluka, bearing a gallant company of "brass hats." Among them being Sir Archibald Hunter, Sir Leslie Rundle, Prince Christian Victor, and Lieutenant Wood (son of Sir Evelyn). Already since her reconstruction the "El Teb" had shown herself to be inherently recalcitrant to the behests of the British C. O. C. She had blown out a cylinder head, she had burst a multi-tube boiler; she had twice gone aground, and, failing to carry away any adequate portion of the rocky structure of Father Nile, had left with him various plates and other sundries as souvenirs of her passage.

By all on board, indeed, she was handsomely cursed as an unsatisfactory craft, and now, just above Shabluka, she gave a final and forcible demonstration of her quality. In a word, she did the worst that vessel can. At the sharp turn round the bend that heads the gorge—a point where

the Nile current, pent within narrow and towering banks, surges Northward at its extremist velocity—the "El Teb," without any previous note of warning, suddenly reeled, rocked, veered broadside on to the flood and turned turtle. Hunter, Rundle, and Prince Christian Victor made a rush across the tilted deck and dived headlong for the shore.

Jimmy Watson, now Watson Pasha, Chief Adviser to the Khedive, was thrown against the platform rail and somehow fell beneath it, being for a time held underwater. All these men, however, escaped with their lives and got clear from the ill-fated ship, as did every member of her company, save two. These two unfortunates were an English mechanician named Johnston, and a native fireman who, at the time, were below in different parts of the ship. They found themselves imprisoned within the doomed hulk, and wholly unable to extricate themselves.

The "El Teb" was carried by the rapid tide some thirty miles down the river, and north of the gorge, and was flung upon a snag which held her; and there, twelve hours later, natives of an adjacent village, curious, and no doubt with hopes of potential loot, heard, when they approached the wrecked ship, faint, but repeated, rappings from beneath her keel.

Some of them mounted camels and rode hard over the five-and-thirty miles of Nile bank to convey to General Hunter the news that there were living men shut within the dreadful prison. This, as it will be understood, required time, and when the newsbearers reached the camp yet further time elapsed before, in their ignorance, they were able to transmit their intelligence to any authority.

General Hunter, on receipt of the news, dispatched a mounted party to ride headlong to the place where lay the ill-fated "Teb."

To reach her these willing rescuers had perforce in the first place to cross the Nile; in the second place to obtain a native boat to carry them to the wreck, and even then had to hold long and earnest counsel as to the possibility of bringing their dungeoned comrades alive from the prison.

The tappings continued from within and were answered from without, but the problem for the rescuers was, not the possibility of breaking a hole into the bottom of the vessel, but whether, in so doing, the release of the imprisoned air, which was still holding the uprising water a few inches away from her keel would not cause the prisoners to be drowned before they could be extricated.

Johnston told me later the story of his experience in his dark confinement. He had been in the engine-room and how he escaped death when the boilers exploded is a matter of mystery. He was badly scalded but did not realise the fact until some days had elapsed.

He found himself, when he had struggled to his feet, under water, standing on a boiler plate with water already to his waist and slowly rising round him.

I must suppose that at this stage there must have been some small outlet for the imprisoned air which failed later when the vessel became more completely submerged. Anyhow poor Johnston, in his blind agony, hurled himself frequently against the vessel's sides, and, as she gyrated in the tide and bumped now and again against rocks, could note with growing despair that the water was gradually rising round him, until at length it was only by standing on tip-toe, and by clutching with his finger-tips at some ragged plank about him, that he could maintain, not his chin even, but his lower lip, and barely that, above water.

And in this terrible position he remained for nearly sixteen hours.

But for the skill, indeed, of the naval artificer in charge of the rescue party, he must have perished, when at length the two openings—at different ends of the keel—needful for the release of Johnston and his native comrade, were effected. How this was done I have not the technical knowledge to explain, but by some means the rescuers managed to cut through the copper sheathing of the boat, and through so much of the thickness of the timbers as enabled them when ready to effect the final purpose with one smart blow, and then to seize the imprisoned men before the ill-fated "Teb" rolled off into the Nile flood and sank in deep water.

Johnston, I may say, became, within an hour of his rescue, to all intents and purposes a raving maniac, and many weeks elapsed before his full recovery.

The native fireman—mark now the temperamental difference between the savage and the product of civilisation—demanded a huge meal of rice and red peppers and started to walk the five-and-thirty miles to headquarters camp.

TECHNICAL DESCRIPTION OF CANINE POINTS.

The judge was examining bull-terriers. "Take that 'Dudley-nose' away," he said sharply, and a dejected, pink-nosed competitor was led, or rather dragged out of the show ring.

"Dudley-nose" is the doggy man's technical term for a flesh, or partially flesh-coloured nose, which, from a show point of view, is a fatal defect in almost all breeds.

But not in all, for what is a serious blemish in one dog may be a scoring point in another, and in the liver and sandy coloured Bedlington terrier, as differentiated from his blue-and-tan brother, a "Dudley-nose" is a positive beauty.

NOT TO BE BRED FROM.

"Dudley-noses" are especially common among bull-dogs and bull terriers, and although "Dudley-nosed" parents will often produce black-nosed offspring, it is never safe to breed from them for show purposes.

The bulldog that is "button-eared" can never hope to figure in the prize-list at least, not if the judges know their business. A "button-ear" is one that folds over in the flap so that the passage of the ear is quite hidden. A blemish in the bulldog, button-ears are a point in the pug.

"Bah, he's breeched!" Such an exclamation at a dog show has nothing to do with the emergence of a puppy from babyhood, but is the criticism that an expert would pass on a black-and-tan or Manchester terrier possessing tan-coloured hair on the backs of his thighs.

The adverse critic of the black-and-tan would further condemn him if he lacked "pencilling," i.e., black markings or lines of black hair running along his toes, and pursuing his investigations, the critic would ask "Where's his thumb mark?" that is, the black mark above the foot which is one of the black-and-tan points.

ELBOWS AND FACES.

It is almost as bad for a dog as a man to be "out at elbow," that is to have the points of the elbow looking outwards.

"Down face," and "frog face" are terms of opprobrium applied to the bulldog (a) whose nose is not sufficiently set back so that from the fancier's standpoint there is too much area between the inner angles of the eyes and the angle of the nose; (b) who has a frog-like expression, caused by want of underjaw and goggle-eyes.

The whippet, borzoi, greyhound, and deerhound should be "tucked up," that is have a slender loin, but the spaniel that is at all tucked up is no use for prize winning.

With the exception of Irish water spaniels, the possession of the tuft of hair known as a "top knot" is a serious defect in the spaniel breed, but is a scoring point in Bedlingtons and Dandie Dinmonts.

"Rose ears" are small, thin ears set very high up on the skull, and are the correct sort of ears for a bulldog.

BULL-TERRIERS' TAILS.

A bad tail may easily defeat a dog which would otherwise have won. For example, the bull-terrier whose tail, even when he is excited, rises above his back, is bound to lose marks—it should stick straight out behind him when his feelings are aroused.

Doggy men have different terms for different tails. Thus they speak of the "sickle tail" of the foxhound, the "ring tail" of the pug, and the "crank tail," that is a straight tail with a kink in it of the bulldog, though nowadays most judges prefer the bulldog with a straight tail, thick at its set and tapering to a point.

"Culotte" is the term applied to the superabundant hair on the back of the thighs of typical Pomeranians and Schipperkes, but is not to be confused with the "feather," i.e., the long hair proceeding from the back of the limbs of spaniels.

"Stop" is the depressed portion of the skull where it meets the nose. A beauty in some breeds, it is a very serious defect in most terriers.

C. F. BOND.

SWINDLES

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS. By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

8.—A COUNTESS ON TOAST.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men and women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

Blackmailing the Countess of Flington wasn't such a soft job as I had thought it would be. I had reckoned on having the whip hand of her ladyship all along, and a clear course. But difficulties and complications arose, the removal of which called for the exercise of some of my best qualities. I gave her a fair chance of paying up without causing trouble, but she didn't take it, so I had to elaborate a scheme the success of which is to be credited to my abilities as a character-actor in real life.

On arriving back in town, I made it my first care to ascertain the present whereabouts of the old Earl and his young wife, and found that they had just left London for their seat in Sussex—let's call it the Ramparts.

DEMANDING HUSH-MONEY.

To the Ramparts, then, I wrote the fair Suzette a nice letter, dating it from the rooms I had taken near the Aquarium. I explained briefly that in circumstances which it was unnecessary to detail, a letter from her to a third party had come into my possession. She would recognise it from the following extracts. Here I treated her to a few choice quotations from the copy which I had, of course, made of the original before selling the latter to Lieutenant Efferton.

I said I felt much interested in the letter, but at the same time I assumed that her interest in it was much greater. No doubt she would like to have it back for convenience of reference. If, under the security of registration, her ladyship cared to post me two hundred pounds in bank-notes, I would acknowledge receipt by sending her the letter under similar security. As my own name would do as well as any other, I subscribed myself in my own name in thus opening a correspondence.

AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER.

Not until the fourth morning after dispatch did I receive any reply, when I was aroused early to sign for a registered communication. I identified, at a glance, the handwriting on the envelope with that of Efferton!—several examples of which I had found among his papers. There was only one possible explanation of the transmission of any communication from him to me—" Suzette " had consulted " Archie " —sent him my letter—left the next move to him.

Was my play to be spoilt, my game to be ruined? What hold had I over Efferton since my deal with him at Edinburgh? What should have been easy with the woman it was too late to try on with the man. With him I had in fact already stultified myself—and hadn't I done so with her, too, now that certainly he had told her everything?

I opened the envelope with a curse. Whatever the message it contained, the sender had paid an extra twopence to safeguard its delivery.

" *Any further communication from Wormwood Portland will be handed to the police.*"

HIS NEXT MOVE.

That was all—undated, unsigned, uninitialled. And quite enough, too. The post-mark of the office of origin showed that the missive had been dispatched from the North of Scotland—so Archie was still travelling. It was very unlikely that I should find him at the Ramparts if my next move should take me there; and about taking further moves of some sort I never hesitated for a moment when once I had taken into consideration all the bearings of the new situation. I wasn't going to chuck up the sponge just because the wind had been knocked out of me in the first round.

As soon as I had made up my mind what to do, my preparations for doing it were few and simple.

In the course of the day from various districts, so that the post-marks should not be all the same, I posted to myself half a dozen dummy " letters." The six envelopes represented six varieties in style, shape, size, colour. They were all self-addressed in pencil, lightly used.

I knew where to take my little order for the new cards I should want, and took it there. If you imagine that any printer would have executed that little order, you are mistaken, for the cards were official ones, and a London printer of repute might have been suspicious and done something nasty. They converted me into Detective-Inspector John Box, of the Criminal Investigation Department, New Scotland Yard.

INSPECTOR BOX'S LETTERS.

My six letters had all arrived by the following morning, and from each I rubbed off its lead-pencilled address. In the course of the day I took them all round to as many different pals, who each, in ink, re-addressed one to me in accordance with the name, description, and address I had had printed on my new cards.

In the unlikely event—but I always tried to be ready for the unexpected—of the genuineness of the latter being questioned, how impressive, or even convincing, these bogus " letters " would be. They might even prevent a demand for the production of impossible credentials being made or pressed. If I were not Inspector Box, of New Scotland Yard, how could I show the covers of communications that had passed through the post addressed to Inspector Box, of New Scotland Yard?

That evening—again as Wormwood Portland—I wrote for the second time to the lady I meant to have a talk to next morning. Brutal and blunt as my few short sentences were intended to appear to be, and were, their construction and phraseology were carefully studied. The effect they were to produce was a matter of delicate calculation.

CAREFULLY COMPOSED.

There was a good deal more in this second letter than you can have any idea I put in it or wanted to put in it. I had to convey the impression that although I was malicious, revengeful, and determined, I felt that, without the proof of that epistolary indiscretion of hers with which I had parted to its original recipient, I could only assert, not convict. I could buzz, and even sting, but I could not poison. I might be able to make things hot for her with her husband by arousing his suspicions, but I couldn't create a scandal and send her to the social hell of the Divorce Court.

Why all this? Simply because I had convinced myself that, with Archibald Efferton behind her, I had no chance of a dip into her money by any expedient less daring than that for the purposes of which I had joined the detective police force—*vide* my cards. When I presented myself to her as Inspector Box, I wanted her to be in exactly the frame of mind in which I was trying to put her.

PREPARING FOR A PERSONAL VISIT.

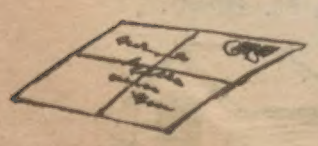
I inferred that I had heard from Efferton by saying that at all events I had a copy of *the* letter. If I couldn't finger my two hundred pounds I would exact a bitter revenge for the disappointment. Let her make no mistake about that. But I would give her one more chance. She had better reconsider the matter in the light of her own interests. I would wait for three days from date. If within that period she put me in possession of two hundred of the best she would never hear from me again, and the matter would be ended. Failing her compliance, I should see the Earl and tell him everything. On the *data* with which I should furnish him no doubt his lordship would at least institute inquiries. They could have but one result.

I caught an early train. The wonderful pile of buildings I have called the Ramparts—purchased by the ex-brewer soon after his purchase of a peerage—was a long way from the station, but by eleven o'clock I was inside the massive park-gates.

I had a good deal of difficulty in securing my private interview with the Countess; in fact, I had to be as pertinacious as a commercial traveller. But at last I was conducted into her presence.

And what a presence it was. She was superb. I wished I had been Archie! She received me freezingly. She was ice itself. But what must she be, I reflected, when in a melting mood? Without even inviting me to sit, she simply looked at me and waited for me to speak.

" Your ladyship will understand, and I hope appreciate, my motives in seeking the honour of this interview without disclosing my name and position to anyone except your



ladyship in person," I said, as I laid my card in front of her haughty eyes. "Such business as that which has brought me here cannot be kept too secret."

"What is your business with me?" she asked.

"Lady Flington, you received a few days ago a blackmailing letter from one Wormwood Portland."

"What of it?"

"The matter has been placed in my hands, on information communicated to the chief of my department."

"By whom?"

"That I am not at liberty to disclose, my lady."

"Do you know?"

"Yes."

"Sit down."

The chair on which I laid my hand at this curt command I drew close up to the occasional table of ebony and ivory by which she was herself seated.

ENVELOPE EVIDENCE.

"Your ladyship, I know everything," I said earnestly—and proceeded to prove that I did know a good deal. As though for reference, I laid a number of papers on the table, taking care, as I spread them out, that she must see some of those thoughtfully got-up envelopes of mine. To this day I am not sure that they didn't have the desired effect on her. At all events she took my status for granted to the end, for all her knowledge of this wicked and deceitful world.

She bore herself splendidly, although she must have supposed—I led her to believe so—that Efferton, without consulting her, had placed "the matter" fully in "our" hands, and that we had come to know that Wormwood Portland really had held a letter written by herself.

She heard me in silence and without a sign. Then, coldly as ever: "What is it you want with me?"

"Have you heard from this man again?"

"Yes—this morning;" and she placed before me my own note of the previous evening. I read it through, and asked: "What did your ladyship think of doing?"

"I shall do nothing. I will not part with one penny piece."

Why should she, when she knew that Portland had let go of his real hold?

TO TRAP THE BLACKMAILER.

The game I was playing had reached its critical moment. It was soon finished now, and once more I rose the winner. Here are the points I won on.

I was going to arrest Wormwood Portland the next morning. He was still in a position to give a lot of trouble, cause a lot of mischief and possible scandal. Her ladyship would perceive that the best thing that could happen would be that he should be put away for a long term. An attempt to extort money—our case at present—was a much less serious offence than actual extortion, which, of course, was much more severely punishable. Let my lady send the money. It would all be restored to her. I would be in waiting and in hiding when it arrived, and would take the man in charge with the notes in his hand. Beside the infinitely longer sentence involved, this plan would make a conviction certain. From the case as it stood, he might conceivably wriggle out. There was another point—and as I made it I lowered my voice to give it emphasis.

REWARDING THE "DETECTIVE."

"This man has copied that . . . letter, my lady. My warrant will give me, of course, the right of search. Lady Flington, I may rely on your honour. *I can bring you the copy of that letter to-morrow afternoon.*"

Quite comprehendingly, but still coldly and without excitement, she asked: "And your expectations in such a case?"

"I leave myself in your ladyship's hands," I murmured.

It all came off. I took in the two hundred in notes the following morning, and after making a copy of my copy of "Suzette's" lucrative letter, went down with the first copy to the Ramparts again. "Suzette" gave me fifty pounds for it.

That's how I had the Countess on toast after all.

[*Another of these revelations will be printed next week.*—EDITOR.]

Just a reminder that we still have have left some of our catch postcards, and shall be happy to send a supply to any reader, free of all charge, on receipt of a large stamped addressed envelope, which should be forwarded to "Nice Place," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Friendship! Mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!—BLAIR.

In every man there is implanted the instinct to search for something.

He is always searching, and what he is searching for is something higher than himself. It is an encouraging truth, if one will rightly regard it. For the impulse of a man is *upwards*; and it is against his will that earth drags him down—earth representing fleshly ills and inevitable physical decay.

Mr. K. L. Montgomery has written of "a two-fold action at work in the universe: the speeding forth of the Divine force into creation and the striving upward of the Divine force to be reunited to its source."

This states the matter not only beautifully, but exactly. We are Divine in origin, and the cardinal desire of a man is to seek the means by which he may be restored to a remembered perfection.

COMPANY ON THE WAY.

To every pinnacle there ascend many paths. And every long journey is halved by proceeding in company. The man who takes step with you along the road, hailing you with cheerful greeting, is walking for you, as you for him.

And herein, it may be perceived, is the beginning of the instinct for companionship; that finest, fullest satisfaction in the world—the tested affection between man and man.

There is no other emotion to compare with it. It lacks the "vain regrets and future fears" of love—love between man and woman which, worth its while or not, is full of sharp tearings as with knives; and replete with sad yearnings which never can be fulfilled.

Every true man, whether unconsciously or designedly, is seeking his ideal comrade. He is ever pertinaciously on the look-out for "the right sort of pal." He desires him for his own sake, though not less sincerely for the sake of what he believes he will represent in return. It is a mutual acceptance of the fact that being alone means incompletion; that, in spite of our boasted independence and individuality, mankind is gregarious, needing company and comfort.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

In the experiences of us all there have doubtless been occasions when a friend has proved himself a disappointment. Harsher words than this might be used—faithlessness, deceit, betrayal; a rat-like scuttling when danger has threatened. All these things remain in the memory like scratchings on a slate. We read them over, and, if cynically inclined, determine to trust no friend again. But as well might one say, "I'll eat no more," because of an attack of indigestion!

To desire a friend is an instinct as real, if not as insistent, as the desire for food. And when we are failed by one, and our affections as well as our pride have been staggered as by a shock, we sit down and think it over. And we realise that all the shortcomings were not his, and that by no manner of means was ours the monopoly of virtue.

And thus, cheered by our own humility, we fare onwards alone, questing still for that comrade who shall represent to us (imperfect though be our judgment) the best and honestest in manhood.

SAYING GOOD-BYE.

Let us look truth fearlessly in the face. To break with a friend is not to be robbed of a friend. It is to understand that the friendship has served its purpose, and has run its course.

What, after all, has it been to us but something grateful and good?

A little journeying in company along the broken, upclimbing road; talks which opened the heart.

And when, later on, the need of each other is finished, let us not part churlishly, cavilling bitterly at the impermanence of things!

Rather let us wish each other God-speed, hoping that in the future each will find joyous company.

A. G. STORM.

WHAT THE OCCASIONAL PARTICIPANT MAY EXPECT TO PAY.

In these days one of the first questions a man asks himself when the opportunity offers for a day's sport is: "What will it cost me?"

If he plays games he will either belong to a club where his subscription usually covers the expense of whatever implements are required to play them; or he may have a bowling-green, tennis court, or what-not in his own garden, in which case he will not have to put his hands in his pockets every time he requires recreation.

But there are many men who are offered by some useful friend a day's fishing, or shooting, or hunting, either mounted or afoot, to whom the cost may be a matter of consideration, at any rate to the extent of their wanting to know how much money to take with them for the day's needs. It is to such as these that the following hints are offered.

A DAY'S ANGLING.

Supposing a man to be offered the privilege of a day's fishing in some private water, the cost of going to and returning from the scene of his sport will, of course, be known to him, and also, probably, the nature of the fishing he may expect. If he is to try for pike or perch he will require some live-bait, for which he will pay a water-bailiff or (on the Thames) some licensed dealer in live-bait, at the rate—varying according to the size of the gudgeon or minnows or dace—of from one shilling to half a crown a dozen. Of worms and gentles for roach and tench-fishing he can obtain an ample supply for a few pence; and a wasp's nest full of grubs should be procurable for eightpence or tenpence in the season.

If he is going sea-fishing there will be the hire of the boat at about ten shillings a day, or admission to the pier—in pier angling—which is usually sixpence or a shilling.

CARTRIDGES AND TIPS.

In shooting, his principal outlay will be on cartridges, which vary from seven and sixpence to ten shillings a hundred, according to the quality of the powder and the cases. He will also have to tip his friend's keeper or the farmer's boy who carries the bag. The amount of the tip will depend to some extent on the sort of sport he gets. At big shoots the head keeper expects at least a sovereign for one day and the loader ten shillings; but for a day over dogs with a friend, if the sport has been good, half a sovereign to the keeper or five shillings to the man who carries the game is ample. For a little rough shooting over a farm, half a crown to the lad who usually accompanies the guns is sufficient.

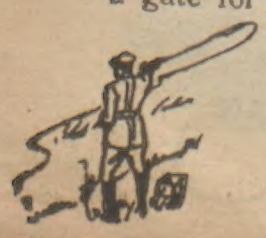
HUNTING "CAPS."

Hunting is rather more costly if any part is taken in the sport. With hounds hunted on foot a cap is usually taken at the meet, half a crown being the average sum demanded of those who intend to follow. Sometimes a cap is taken at a kill for the benefit of the hunt servants or the keepers; but this is considered voluntary, and the coin contributed may range from sixpence to a couple of shillings.

If a man is offered a mount for a day with the harriers or the foxhounds, he should ascertain before accepting what the cap is with the particular pack he intends to hunt with. It is sometimes a couple of guineas, and seldom less than £1 for foxhounds, though with harriers it may be only five or ten shillings. The hire of a horse for hunting is nearly always two guineas for the day, the owner taking all risks.

Hunt servants are not tipped, except at Christmas or New Year, by regular followers of the hunt; but, if a suitable occasion offers, they may be offered a drink on the way home. It is usual to give a sixpence to the man who opens a gate for you or holds your horse, or renders any other small voluntary service in the hunting field.

L. C. R. CAMERON.



MY NOTEBOOK.

SIGNS OF SPRING. It is not always necessary for an editor to consult the calendar in order to know which season is approaching. Signs of spring are at the present moment very obvious in the editorial letter-basket.

For some time past—in fact, since the weather became milder—I have sometimes wondered whether it might not be essential to start a department equivalent to "Aunt Caroline's Bureau," or "Heart-to-Heart Chats with Lady Emily," such features having been adopted, I dare say by necessity, by several of our contemporaries.

Do not be alarmed, for I shall bear the burden of replying privately to these love inquiries of my readers, until the editorial back gives way under the burden, for I do not intend to inflict their troubles upon those of my readers who are not suffering from Cupid's sting.

JEALOUSY. There are two chief topics about which they write to me in this connection. The first is a very natural and human one, although it never strikes the correspondents affected in that light.

I refer to the troubles of the young man who is writhing under the lash of jealousy because other young men pay attentions to his young lady. He asks for my advice. Should he punch the heads of the other young men or should he upbraid the young lady for permitting such attentions?

My reply is, like the much-advertised cocoa, both comforting and grateful, for it is soothing, and calculated to increase my correspondent's self-esteem. I point out that the young lady being pretty, as of course she is, it is inevitable that other young men should admire her, and if she were not admired, she would scarcely be worth the winning.

I supplement this sage advice by the suggestion that engagement and marriage should follow as rapidly as possible, and I suppose that is why there arrive, not infrequently, little packages of bride's cake amongst my morning letters, with cards printed in silver lettering, with two names, and an arrow running through the surname of the lady.

IDLE WORDS. The second type of lovers' trouble that I am asked to deal with is the word spoken in haste and repented at sad leisure.

"The last time I asked my girl out," says a correspondent in effect, "she made an excuse. I lost my temper and said——" Here follow some quite mild terms of reproach, which, however, have become pieces of lurid opprobrium when viewed through Love's rose-tinted spectacles.

The correspondent tells me how long he lay in bed awake, and how he counted the hours, and how he has written to me without having touched his dinner, and asks whether I can do anything to save the happiness he has blighted.

My advice in this case is to take the young lady a very nice box of chocolates or a bunch of flowers, and to beg her pardon, and again in due course little boxes with the cards and the silver lettering arrive.

It is all very pleasant and very natural, and I suppose that lovers have taken their troubles to some third party from time immemorial. I do not claim to be an expert in this line, but the numerous boxes of bride's cake show that my advice, as a general rule, answers the purpose.

OVER-CROWDED. "Having read with much interest the articles on motor-driving, etc., in THE MODERN MAN," writes a Sheffield correspondent, "I should like to warn my fellow-readers of my own experience. I have been eighteen weeks out of work, although I have had two and a half years' experience in a garage and eight months in private service. I have a clean licence and good references, but owing to the overcrowding of the trade I stand very little chance of getting a situation over a pound a week."

I print the extract for the benefit of those whom it may concern. Until recently, the motor trade offered excellent openings, but, like everything else, it is subject to the law of supply and demand, and opportunities would not appear to be so great in that line as they recently were.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

RICHARD SELBY'S REWARD.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

It was at a time when the menace of war hung like a thundercloud over the land—when the imminence of it was so acute that one could almost hear the guns booming in the distance. And Richard Selby, sensitive to impending danger and patriotic every inch of him, laid aside his everyday business of money-making and devoted himself with heart and brain and energy to the devising of means whereby he might do his country good.

His subsequent interview, obtained after much difficulty with a Man in Authority at the Admiralty was complete in its disillusionment. "Yes, the invention was doubtless admirable, but so many clever minds had failed in the same endeavour. The torpedo-net at present in use was doubtless capable of improvement—but what was there that was *not* capable of improvement?" He followed a brief dissertation on the folly of expecting perfection. "We are quite satisfied with what we already have, in fact—but thank you very much for putting before us your interesting idea."

Richard Selby paid no heed to the hint that the interview was closed. "Are you fully aware," he asked doggedly, "that the invention is not an idea but a fact? That it is perfect in its working? That, let down from the ship's sides at night, it will effectively protect it against destruction by surprise attack? I don't ask anything for the invention; I only want you to use it."

"They nearly all tell us that," murmured the Man in Authority gently.

"Will you consent to a demonstration?"

"I cannot do that. Demonstrations are expensive affairs—both in time and money."

"I will pay for both."

"No, no," protested the Man in Authority, with a regretful head-shake and an inflexible smile, "we are not to be bribed like that."

"I'm merely trying to persuade you."

"Nor persuaded either—when it's against the dictates of prudence and expediency. I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Selby."

"Um," said Richard, still holding his ground. Frequently afterwards the picture of him was to recur to the Great Man's mind—standing rock-like, stubborn and dominant, with curiously troubled eyes, as though the refusal were a matter of intense moment to him—almost one of pain.

"Tell you what it is," said Richard bluntly at last, "you're making a mistake here. I'm not the man to come looking about with a half-addled notion. I've worked at it—put guts into it, if you'll excuse the term; and it's good. I've tested it every way—and I *know*. Now, will you give me a chance to make you a present of it? Damn it all, man, I love my country."

"We all love our country," returned the Great Man, who, in spite of his authority and title, had no objection to being sworn at in that fashion.

"Some of us seem to have an unpractical way of showing it," said Richard. "I ask you, finally—will you revoke your decision?"

"No," said the Great Man gently.

"Very well," Richard's jaw stuck out as he turned at the door. "You will before you've done," he said. "And, by gad, when you do want it——"

"Yes?"

"You shall have it. But with it, for nothing, a chunk of my mind."

"I anticipated," returned the Great Man, "a remark less generous than that."

"Good-day to you," said Richard disagreeably. And he closed the door.

II.

As time went on, diplomatic negotiations between the two nations resulted in a mutual falling into one another's arms with protestations of everlasting trust and affection—and the credulous were comforted, and wiser people shut one eye and looked out with intensified keenness with the other.

A fur-coated, blue-eyed, martial-lipped man of about forty years walked into the inquiry office of Richard Selby's chain-making works one day, and sent in a card on which was inscribed:

"The Naval Supply Federation, Limited."

and in the left-hand bottom corner:

Mr. Geoffrey Bainboat,
Managing Director.

Richard Selby requested that he should be shown in.

The visitor bowed at the door with both hands going behind his back—one of them holding his silk hat; and then he took the chair which Richard indicated, and laid his silk hat on the floor and commenced to remove his yellow suède gloves.

"What I have to say to you, Mr. Selby," he observed, "were best said in complete privacy."

"If the subject is business," replied Richard, "Mr. Graill, my confidential secretary, has the same discretion as myself."

And they looked at each other—Graill and the stranger—and both bowed with a glance of estimating criticism.

"Then I may proceed," said Mr. Geoffrey Bainboat. "But first of all, I must request of you that absolute secrecy must be maintained about all that may pass between us."

"I'll agree to that, perhaps," said Richard, "when I've heard what you've got to talk about."

The visitor's lips relaxed, ever so little. "It is a matter of international importance," he suggested.

"Go ahead with it," said Richard.

"One in which a certain notable personage may not appear, but whose deputy I am."

"His name?" asked Richard.

And with suddenly narrowed lids the name of the Man in Authority at the Admiralty was mentioned.

Richard leaned forward with kindling eyes.

"You may speak without fear or reservation," he said quietly.

"Frankly, then, the Naval Supply Federation, Limited, is an unofficial channel through which the War Office or Admiralty may obtain goods without—a—openly admitting it."

"I see," said Richard.

"Ostensibly, of course, it is a private company doing business with whom or in what it listeth. But actually——"

"I see," Richard reiterated.

"And now it is somewhat anxious to purchase—a—certain quantities of a certain torpedo-net, chain-constructed and infallible in its working. You have not, I sincerely hope, sold the patent to anyone else?"

"Certainly not!" said Richard, fervently. "Not even showed the plans. I take it," he went on, with a concentration of eye and glance, "that the Navy intends to adopt

"Wait for orders, man," Richard advised. "Your chief won't thank you to involve him in a hanging."

my net, but wishes to adopt it quietly—without any tub-thumping or advertisement in the newspapers? "

"That is exactly it," responded Mr. Bainboat.

"And the transaction will be conducted through you? "

"Through the Naval Supply Federation."

"Good," said Richard, sitting upright energetically. He had seldom had such an elated gleam in his eyes. "How many do you want, and when are they to be delivered? "

"First let me see the plans; I must form my own opinion about their value. Or, better still, a working model."

"You shall see both. Come into my private workshop."

After about half an hour they emerged and went through the works on a tour of inspection; then returned to the office to effect a completion of the business.

"Your automatic chain-welder is one of the most wonderful machines I have ever seen," spoke Mr. Geoffrey Bainboat, enthusiastically. "You say you can interchange them to make any size of chain you like—even the fine woven mesh of this extraordinary torpedo-catcher? How on earth do you manage it? "

"That would take too long to explain," said Richard, "but you may accept it as a fact, and I'll furthermore tell you this: That if necessity should require it, I can, and *will*, turn every machine on to the execution of your order, letting everything else slide till the contract is completed."

"Good," said Mr. Bainboat, with an approving nod. "I'm much afraid you'll have to do something of the kind, for my instructions are to order two thousand, to be delivered at the very latest in London Docks by Easter. That gives you six weeks. Can you possibly manage it? "

"Two thousand," said Richard, reflectively. The utmost output he could see at the moment was twelve hundred, but the limits of his resourceful brain had yet to be definitely reached.

"You have not yet said anything about price," he reminded Mr. Bainboat, in a speculative parenthesis.

"I have every confidence," said the other, "that you will safeguard yourself to the extent of your usual trade profit."

"Thanks," said Richard, who had seldom had a neater compliment paid to him. "They'll come to forty-seven pounds apiece, net cash, packing and delivering free. It's a biggish line—when and how do you propose to pay? "

"A quarter of the amount now, by cheque. The remainder on delivery at dock."

"That'll do," said Richard, who appreciated the quick reply. "Graill, make out an invoice to that effect. Mr. Bainboat, I've been thinking out the question of delivery, and I can manage it, though it will be a deuced near thing. I shan't be able to handle anything else in the meantime, but that doesn't matter: not for an occasion like this." He put out his hand, gratified, and not seeking to disguise it.

Mr. Bainboat wrung it cordially.

"It's men like you," he said, "whom England should be proud of and encourage."

"Think so? " said Richard, not a whit disagreeing.

III.

When the chain-nets were completed—the result of a night and day shift for six weeks—and duly despatched to a London dock according to instructions received, Richard ran up to London himself in order to witness the goods safe arrival, and, this desirable consummation achieved, then went on to the offices of the Naval Supply Federation, Limited, to hand over to them the transfer note and to receive in exchange a cheque for seventy thousand five-hundred pounds.

It had been the biggest individual deal that Richard, in his chequered commercial career, had undertaken, but he felt it, in some subtle way, to have set the coping-stone on his ambitions—to have transformed him from a mere manufacturer, a worker in iron, to a man of national moment and significance. He saw no bounds to what might ensue from it in the near future. . . .

The offices of the Naval Supply Federation, Limited, were in an unpretentious-looking building in Wharf Street, E., on the second floor.

The name of the firm was painted in neat, black, official lettering on the door.

This was Richard's first visit, and, passing through, he found himself in a small waiting-room, facing an "Inquiry" door and an invitation to "Ring."

He could hear voices in an inner-room—voices conversing with an indiscreet distinctness. He overheard one or two sentences, and his countenance changed, expressing the most enormous surprise. He knotted his hands, jaw involuntarily clenched, his eyes blazed. No doubt but that this was a centre of international activity.

He rang the bell presently, slowly buttoning up his coat.

A brush-haired, middle-aged man answered the summons; keen of eye, pungent in tone.

"Who are you? What do you want? "

"I'm Richard Selby, from Moulden. I wish to see Mr. Bainboat at once.

"Ah, yes." A pause. "Wait a moment, will you? "

The shutter was closed, and a few moments passed by to the accompaniment of the subdued murmur of voices. Then the door was opened and the brush-haired man, bowing low, invited Richard to enter.

The private office was to the left of the general office, and in it were two men seated at a table much littered with papers.

Mr. Geoffrey Bainboat rose to his feet, smiling, and bowed to Richard, but did not introduce his companion, who was a small, bullet-headed man with a compact face and searching eyes. Richard, looking at the latter, was aware of a curious change of feeling—a definite realisation that he was in the presence of a great man.

He squared his shoulders, transferring his gaze to Mr. Bainboat, who said:

"Your visit is, in a sense, unexpected, Mr. Selby."

"I could not advise you of it," said Richard. "I had to see the goods in first, and didn't know what time they'd arrive."

"They are there—intact—and in good condition? "

"Perfectly all right," said Richard.

"You have the transfer note with you? "

"I have. But, first of all——"

"Not a word, Mr. Selby. I fully understand. We are deeply indebted to you for the expeditious way in which you have carried through this transaction, and if you will kindly be seated I will make out a cheque for the balance of the account."

"I wasn't going to say that," said Richard. "I was merely going to ask you if you will permit me to use the telephone? "

"With the greatest of pleasure. I can write out the cheque while you are doing so." And Mr. Geoffrey Bainboat passed over the instrument, anxious in every way to accommodate Richard's convenience.

The dark, bullet-headed man watched Richard with a steady stare of scrutiny as he gave a London number and spoke.

"Is that the Endless Dock Company? Put me on to the manager, please. Thank you. This is Richard Selby speaking. About those two thousand iron cases of nets which you received this morning: I was to give you instructions for them to-day. Will you take especial care to listen to the next few words?

"I want them sent to my order at Moulden Station, Staffordshire, by the next train. Yes, *return* them. Is that perfectly clear? Right."

He laid down the receiver, and faced the two men with a face like white-hot iron.

"Thinking to fool *me!* " he said. "You agents of Germany! "

Mr. Bainboat pushed back his chair so violently that the castors squeaked in protest.

For several seconds there was no other sound in the room.

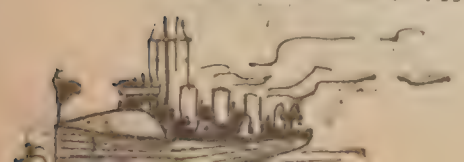
"You should be more careful when you talk about your plans," said Richard. "I heard your discussion as to the disposition of my torpedo-nets and their unrivalled utility in war. You won't get 'em now, though! I'd like to know who was the traitor at the Admiralty who gave you the information that I'd something up my sleeve to sell. By George! I'd like to know it! "

He ceased, breathing hard.

Mr. Bainboat was about to retort, but the bullet-headed man arrested him with a curt, authoritative gesture.

"Mr. Selby," he said, in level, dry-accented terms, "you must not be quixotic or blame us for misleading you. We are diplomatists, not scoundrels. Your own Government refused your invention, I understand. Mine saw merit in it;—never mind by what means they received information

(*Continued on Page 696*).



Almost your last chance

Situation at £200 a year—offer closes in 14 days —send in your provisional entry now. *See below.*

If you do not wish to lose all chance of entering an application for the situation at £200 a year in the office of the Caxton Publishing Company, you must lose no time in sending your entry. Even if you are not at present inclined to compete, you will be wise to send in the form below, because, though it commits you to nothing, it reserves to you the right to send in your entry at a later date, if you should then desire to do so. And, after all, £100 in cash is worth consideration if you do not need the situation.

And in less than three weeks you will have lost your last chance of the greatest offer ever made by the Modern Man. The date of March 23 has been provisionally fixed as the latest date for receiving entries for the most startling opportunity the Business World has seen for many a decade.

For by the first post of that Saturday morning your entry must be received if you want to have a chance of a position commencing at £200 a year, and leading you just as far as your ability justifies.

Do not leave it too late. Do it now!

But you should not leave it till then. If the applications are very heavy, the Company reserve the right to close the list before that date, and by delaying now you may miss the opportunity that is destined, perhaps, to lead you to a place among the successes of the Business World. You will want time to consider the question; your future is too serious a matter to be trifled with, to be rushed at in a hurry or to be left to a chance recollection just as the last post is being cleared away. You will, therefore, if you are wise, send the Coupon to-day, and reserve to yourself the right to enter, if you wish to do so. Sending the Coupon costs nothing, and does not commit you to anything.

Are you earning £200 a year?

The position is guaranteed for one year certain, at £200 a year. What happens then depends upon yourself. If you are a good man, that salary may be increased to a remarkable figure, depending upon your worth. For the position is one that enables you to prove your worth. It calls for initiative, and carries responsibility. It is an ideal opening for a really competent man. But it is possible that you may not want to move; in that case, would you like £100 in cash? For the Company are offering an optional prize of that amount, and in the event of the winner preferring the cash prize, reserve the right to offer the post to any other likely applicant. They also offer eleven other prizes, ranging downwards from £25 in cash.

What you have to do.

You need not be afraid of this offer being spoilt by irksome conditions. It is a plain, straightforward attempt to solve the problem of finding the right man. All that applicants will have to do will be to answer, in the privacy of their own home, and, within reasonable limits, at their own convenience, a common-sense examination in the ordinary business knowledge that every really keen business man ought to know. And, lest any questions should be outside the scope or experience of an otherwise desirable applicant, the questions will be based on the "Business Encyclopædia," and the answers to all can be found in it.

How it Concerns You.

Moreover, you, if engaged in business, will undoubtedly find the examination interesting and informing. It will enlarge your views on commercial life. It will lead you to the consideration of problems that might never have occurred to you. It will unquestionably suggest new trains of business thought, and perhaps bring you into contact with ideas, having practical value.

Judging the Applications.

A wonderful committee of famous business men has been got together to judge the applicants and to choose the right man. They are:

Sir WILLIAM TRELOAR, Bart.
(Ex-Lord Mayor of London).

Sir GEORGE RIDDELL
(Director *News of the World*, Ltd.; Director *Country Life*, Ltd.; Director Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.).

Sir JOSEPH LYONS
(Managing Director J. Lyons and Co., Ltd.).

T. J. BARRETT, Esq.
(Chairman A. and F. Pears, Ltd.).

JOHN LAWRIE, Esq.
(Managing Director William Whiteley, Ltd.).

These names are a sufficient guarantee of the straightforwardness of the offer.

Do not risk losing your chance.

Once more we urge you not to delay sending in your application. The form below does not commit you to a promise to compete. It simply brings you full particulars of the offer, and reserves you a provisional right to enter, which you can then decide to make absolute or to let lapse. Will you take this trouble for the sake of your future?

If you are dissatisfied with your present situation, if you are not making as much as £200 a year, or are making that, but see little prospect of making more, or even if you would like £100 in cash for the sake of a little trouble, send this Coupon *now*.

PROVISIONAL ENTRY FORM.

To The Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.,
52, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Kindly enter my name as a possible applicant for your situation, and send me full particulars of the examination and also of the "Business Encyclopædia" and how I can obtain it for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

Name .....
(Send this form or a postcard.)

Address .....

.....

Present Occupation .....

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

TWO CAPITAL EXERCISES.

FOR STRENGTHENING THE SHOULDERS AND BACK.

Standing in the usual starting position, extend the arms until the hands are on a level with the shoulders.

Keeping the arms and shoulders in a straight line, swing the arms and shoulders together, first in one direction, then in the other, until at the utmost point of the swing the line of the arms is as nearly as possible at right angles to its original position.

When the arms are first extended they must be in a line as if they were actually held in position by a long stick or pole passed behind the neck and held by the thumbs. Indeed, a stick or pole may be used with advantage.

To derive the full benefit from this exercise, the arms *must* swing the shoulders, while the hips must be kept steady, and not move with the shoulders.

Bend the left knee only.

This is a very useful exercise for increasing the flexibility of the upper-part of the back, and with practice you will be surprised how far round you can swing the arms and shoulders.

You should swing at the rate of twenty movements to the minute, until you feel an appreciable strain on the back and shoulder muscles.

The above exercise may be usefully varied as follows:

Starting as before, bring the extended arms to a position at right-angles to their original line, but in this case allowing the hips to turn slightly.

Keeping the arms dead opposite each other, bend the left arm downwards, allowing the left knee only to bend and touch the floor between the two feet.

Return to the first position and swing the arms about until the right hand is in front. Then, bending the right knee only, touch the floor with the right hand.

The position should be alternated at the rate of about fifteen changes to the minute.

The head should be kept slightly in front of the body so as to give the neck muscles something to do.

Keep the shoulders up.

This is a very good exercise for anyone who is prone to headache, for headache is often referable to weakness and consequent fatigue of the neck and upper back muscles. However, I shall deal more particularly with headaches due to muscular fatigue on another occasion.

LOW SHOULDER.

HOW TO CURE THE DEFECT.

Nine men out of ten have one shoulder lower than the other. This is generally due to our want of ambidexterity, to following an occupation which calls for the use of one side of the body to the exclusion of the other, or to excessive devotion to some exercise such as fencing, where, again, one side of the body is used more than the other.

The condition may be trifling, but may easily develop into a marked deformity difficult to cure.

If you have a low shoulder—your tailor is a good man to tell you for certain—the simplest remedy is to lift it as high as you can several times a day, holding it there for a few moments. This exercise, if persevered with, will bring most low shoulders into line in two or three weeks.

Also lose no opportunity of alternately exercising both sides of the body.

Many men get a low shoulder through habitually carrying a brief or other bag with one hand only.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

G. E. R. (Birmingham).—Swinging the hands round from the wrists is a very good boxing exercise. Sam Langford is a great believer in it.

T. L. (Canterbury).—Sea water has no actual curative effect in tuberculosis of the bone, but sea-bathing, by toning up the system in general, enables the sufferer to fight and often to throw off the disease.

A. C. (Cheadlehulme).—When buying boxing-gloves see that you can easily clench the fist inside them.

G. S. C. (Bristol) says he is always coming to grief when vaulting the "horse." Probably he looks at the horse when making his vault. Naturally he must measure his distance when running up, but he should not look at the horse when going over. Never look at the apparatus is a sound gymnasium rule.

J. G. D. (Brixton).—The best way to get your feet in condition for track-walking is to paddle about bare foot on wet grass or stones. Be sure, however, that you keep moving all the time and dry the feet thoroughly the moment you come indoors.

"Sick of it" (Holborn).—Your recurrent [illegible]

"Sorry, my lad, but it won't do. You're not tall enough for the Army. Come back in three months. Arthur Girvan can raise you three inches in that time, and you're not over forty, anyhow!"

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches by perfectly natural and scientific means; no appliances required. Write for particulars.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,
Specialist in the . . Increase of Height
(Dept. MM.), 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

may be due to stomach trouble, want of exercise, eye strain, or weak neck muscles. I shall deal with headache at some length in my next article or so.

F. T. H. (Manchester).—All stretching exercises help to increase the height, but you had far best take a proper course of instruction in height increasing. That of Mr. Arthur Girvan is undoubtedly the best.

G. M. P. (Chiswick).—There is no better gargle for ordinary throat affections than that made of black currant jam.

A. F. T. (Chester).—"Tennis elbow" and other ailments peculiar to particular games are all due to excessive use of certain muscles and joints. There is no remedy except complete abstention from the game in question.

M. J. (Purley).—The "blind spot" where the batsman momentarily loses sight of the ball is not a fixed point. It depends, among other things, on the elevation at which the ball is delivered, its flight in the air, and the batsman's height and reach.

"Instep" (Leeds). — A well-arched instep generally goes with physical activity, but there have been noted sprinters who were flat-footed, or, anyway, who ran flat-footed.

C. M. (Salisbury).—Ideally, teeth should be brushed after every meal, but, of course, this is not always convenient. It is most important to brush the teeth the last thing at night.

ATHLETES, BEWARE.

Training for athletics has now begun, and at this season of the year the athlete at exercise is subject to special dangers, such as chills and falls on wet and slippery grass. Above all, in cold, uncertain weather is he likely to strain or even snap a muscle when turning out for exercise, unless he observe a simple, but most necessary precaution.

On no account should he leave the dressing-room to run or jump without first having his legs well rubbed down. If he does, the muscles, which are brittle at this time of year are liable to snap when any sudden and violent strain is put upon them.

Further, in addition to the preliminary rubbing of the muscles, the athlete should take a short easy run before starting serious work, or again he may find himself with a torn or broken muscle, and "crocked" for the rest of the season.

Every athlete knows the importance of a rub-down after exercise, but few appreciate the fact that in cold weather the muscles should be well massaged before stepping out into the open.

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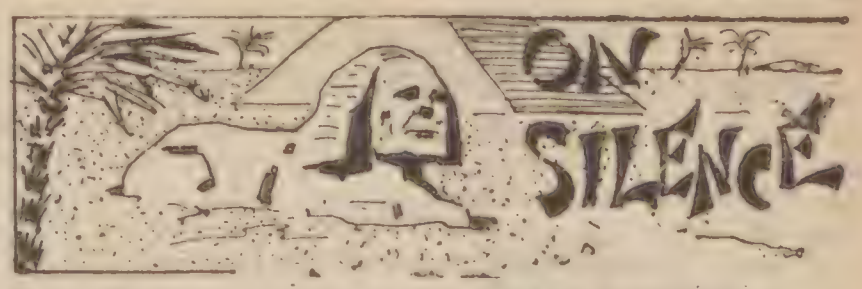


EMOTIONS WHICH IT MAY EXPRESS.

There is so much of interest in silence that I really feel I must talk about it.

Silence, you will have been told, is frequently more eloquent than speech, and silence is golden where speech is but silver, so plainly 'tis to our advantage to make a better acquaintance of it.

There are numerous forms of silence, each meaning something intelligent or dramatic or emotional.

Silent scorn is exceedingly effective when it is properly portrayed. It must convey an impression of outraged pride allied to a native dignity; but one should be careful not to curl the lip too much, in case the irreverent scorned may mistake the expression for sneering. It is never half so well-bred to sneer as to look proudly scornful.

TONGUE-TIED.

When suffering from silent embarrassment, it is always as well to allow the emotion full play. Attempts to call up a confident smile will only result in the consequence being sickly. And silent embarrassment is attractive when it is open and unconcealed. It suggests shyness—a flattering and fascinating virtue. Girls, by the way, who fear that they blush too readily, should resolutely believe that their blushing makes them beautiful. It is an infallible cure.

Silence of dismay should obviously be employed when asked for your ticket or the loan of a sovereign. It is far, far better to slip the hands into the various pockets without speaking than to endeavour to palliate the disappointment by voicing regretful exclamations.

Then, silence of terror is infinitely to be preferred to a yell. And ditto with horror, and other would-be noisy sensations.

As for uneasy silences, they should be filled with an allusion to a new and most interesting topic.

CONCEALING IGNORANCE.

Intelligent silences are useful when the other person is talking about what one doesn't understand. They may be helped out with encouraging nods and an occasional "Just so!" "I see!" "Of course!"

A compulsory silence, however, is frequently an annoying experience. What can be more irritating than the other person to be so excessively voluble that there is little or no chance of getting in a word oneself?

A meaning silence, of course, is the language one should employ when the news to be conveyed is of a character one dare not mention.

Discreet and tactful silences are serviceable in many ways. They may guard a secret—or corroborate a hinted calumny. They may save a reputation—or succeed in permanently blighting one. Men should practise this type of silence more often than women; for women are more adept at disguising their thoughts in speech.

A guilty silence is caused by the inability of the mind to decide upon the most plausible lie. The best thing, therefore, is always to speak the truth—or never to be found out.

UNSPOKEN SYMPATHY.

When sympathy is needed to be expressed, silence does it far better than speech. Also it enables one to preserve the secret opinion that the trouble, after all, serves the other person right.

Sympathetic silences should, nevertheless, be avoided when the young man and the not-quite-so-young wife of a neglectful husband are together; particularly if the young neglected wife has prefaced her confidences by playing sad plaintive melodies on the piano.

Of lovers' silences it would be vain as well as profane to speak. Cupid alone knows what they are thinking of and why they are so blissful.

It is certainly a delightful experience to see them—arm in arm, and silent beneath the moonlight.

Perhaps they are tasting real happiness for a while—so amazed at the miracle that they are unable to do aught but wonder at it.

STEPHEN PARTRIDGE.

RINGSIDE GOSSIP.

RANDOM NOTES ABOUT BOXERS AND BOXING.

The feather-weight championship of the world has changed hands, Abe Attell, who has held it for some years, having been beaten in a twenty rounds contest at Los Angeles, California, by Johnny Kilbane, a young Irish-American. Our own feather-weight champion, Jim Driscoll, though he is not as young as he was, ought to go after Kilbane as quickly as possible. Jim only met Attell once, to wit in February, 1909. The contest, which was of five rounds' duration, was a "no decision" affair; but it was admitted, even by the American critics, that Driscoll gave the better showing.

There was a good international contest last Monday night at the National Sporting Club, when Paul Bouvier, of France, met Driver Windebank (Army Service Corps) in a six-rounds bout. The Englishman put up the better performance and won on points.

The big event of the evening, however, was the fifteen-rounds contest between Sid Burns and Lance-Sergeant Baker. It practically resolved itself into a test of the superiority of swinging and straight hitting, the son of Mars being the swinger, and Burns specialising in the classic method. In the first round, strangely enough, Baker landed a left swing on Burns's face, which floored him; but this was the Army man's sole score, practically. From that moment, Sid Burns kept him at his distance with excellently timed straight lefts, and, simply piling on the points, was an easy winner in the fifteenth round.

A little bird has whispered in my ear that there is likely to be interesting litigation soon between a very well-known boxing promoter and an almost equally well-known pugilist. The former, it is rumoured, got the other to sign a rather one-sided contract, and now the latter has begun to have regrets.

"STRAIGHT LEFT."

6th 'CENTRES' COMPETITION

A Bicycle for the Best.

TEN HALF-CROWN CONSOLATION PRIZES.

We have pleasure in offering another bicycle for the best "Centre," and ten half-crown consolation prizes for those which come next in merit.

The phrase from which you must form your "Centre" is "Love's Arrow."

If you examine these words, you will find that the centre letters are "V" and "R" respectively. Now, we want you to form a phrase of two words beginning with "V" and "R" respectively, and bearing some relation in meaning to the phrase given.

The two words may be humorous, serious, or pathetic, whichever you like. For example, your "Centre" might be "Vain Remorse," but don't use that one, for it is only an example.

If you prefer it, the first word may begin with "R" and the second with "V."

Write your "Centre" on the coupon for our 6th "Centres" Competition appearing on page 682, and forward it to "6th Centre," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, to reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday, March 12. The result will appear in our issue published on Monday, March 18.

Send as many attempts as you like, but each must be written on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a penny stamp. If you send two attempts, enclose two stamps; if you send three attempts, enclose three stamps, and so on.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding this Competition.

The Editor's decision is final and binding in every respect, and competitors may enter only on that understanding.

4th 'CENTRES' COMPETITION RESULT

The phrase set in our fourth "Centres" Competition was "British Bluejackets." For his phrase "Agadir—thanks," the bicycle goes to Mr. W. Martin, c/o. Mrs. George, Randalstown, Antrim, Ireland.

Consolation prizes of half a crown each have been sent to those whose "Centres" came next in merit: Messrs. J. Price, 78, Malefant Street, Cardiff; G. Brown, 110, Montgomery Street, Edinburgh; Percy Smith, 11, Goodhead Street, Nottingham; A. E. Durrant, "Garwood," Mycenæ Road, Blackheath, S.E.; J. Whittle, 102, Waterloo Road, Ashton-on-Ribble, Preston; H. Todd, 257, Southfield Street, Nelson, Lancashire; F. G. Hancock, 3, Carlton Road, Workington, Cumberland; R. Stephens, 19, Bank Bottom, Cragg Vale, Mytholmroyd, Yorks; W. E. Morris, 33, Bracton Road, Rotherhithe, S.E.; G. Bradbury, Thruxton, Andover, Hampshire.

RICHARD SELBY'S REWARD—(*Continued from page*

as to its existence. It is unfortunate that you should have found out prematurely what it was intended you should know in good time——"

Richard laughed savagely through his teeth.

"It will be doubly unfortunate for you if you are controlled by a foolish impulse, and refuse to let us take possession of the goods, thereby losing nearly a hundred thousand pounds."

"Seventy thousand," corrected Richard. "I've already had a quarter of the amount from you, which I shall refuse to return."

"Even so, seventy thousand is a considerable sum for a private gentleman to lose—perhaps—shall I say it is enough to ruin him."

"No, it won't do that," said Richard, grimly. "Not quite."

"Sentiment, my dear sir, is a worthy servant—but an intolerable master. What is the harm? We can make the torpedo-nets ourselves if it comes to the necessity——"

"No, you can't," contradicted Selby; "there's only one machine in the world will make 'em, and that machine's mine."

"But you surely will not be so extravagantly self-willed as to sacrifice——"

"All I've got," said Richard, and the thrill in his voice made the blood race gloriously. "Nothing you can say will make any difference. Good-day, gentlemen."

"Guard that door," said the bullet-headed man, without raising his voice. He simultaneously struck a bell.

Richard, with a sound of savage exultation, intercepted Bainboat as he was springing to the door. He buried him with the back of his left-hand, then drove his right hard on to his body. Bainboat went staggering backwards, collided with the table and upset it.

Richard laughed over his shoulder as he went out of the room. Covering him with a revolver in the outer office was the brush-haired man who recently had ushered him in.

Richard clicked his teeth in a sort of sarcastic commiseration, as he passed him by and deliberately opened the second door.

"Wait for orders, man," he advised. "Your master won't thank you to involve him in a hanging." And he left them disorganised.

* * * * * * *

It was the editor of the "Moulden News," ever on the scent of a scoop, who wormed the story out of Richard, and three days later blazoned it throughout the length and breadth of the country by means of the assistance of a great halfpenny newspaper.

Richard awoke that morning to find himself famous.

Before the day had expired a telegram reached him to proceed to the Admiralty immediately.

And there the Man in Authority received him with every mark of cordiality and admiration.

"You shall certainly not lose money over the matter," he said. "That would be monstrous. I am very glad to tell you that we have reconsidered our decision, that, in fact, we will adopt your invention for use throughout the British Navy. Moreover," raising his hand, as Richard was about to thank him, "I have received a command from His Majesty that you shall present yourself at the palace without delay——"

"Oh, I say!" protested Richard, disturbed.

"—To be rewarded with the honour of knighthood. Not alone because of the present service, I may say, but in consideration of many others, which have not gone unnoticed."

Richard fought gamely for some adequate form of expression.

"You know," he said, at length, "this is confoundedly upsetting."

REALLY SPORTING FOOTBALL.

If you want to see football played just for the mere love of the game, go to one of the many commons and other open spaces round the metropolis, known as playing fields.

Here you will see as many, perhaps, as fifteen matches in progress at the same time, and nearly every man will have paid a fare he can ill afford to come and play; and, in the great many more swagger amateurs, the fact that there is not a soul looking on does not worry him in the least.

THE BROKEN ROAD

A SKETCH.

By F. C. HARTINGTON.

In a sequestered back o' the Strand bar, devoted mainly to the tattered army of broken-down mummers—or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that to it mummers were devoted—"Diaphragm Dicton" Binkleburn eyed the seedy-looking stranger with some hope.

"You ain't an agent looking for a really smart ventriloquial turn, are you?" he said.

And he got the negative he expected, the stranger sitting down beside him.

From that, the road to earning a small amount of soda with as much whisky as the proprietor could sell for threepence, seemed to be an easy thing.

"Funny I should ask you that," he said. "Funny I should get the everlastin' same reply. It—it breaks no fresh ground."

He brushed a thin hand across a greasy head of hair and warned off a rapless friend with the eye of one who has a mug to lip.

"Wheezes," he said, "if they're new, never seemed to be a thing that went down with any audience. You've got to make the same Jew-de-mot—the same play on words as else you don't get as much as one laugh out of the public. D'yer think the managers realise this? Not they. They realise nothin' but their own salaries, and the darn box-office all trust can go 'ang.

"Now, I'm a man as is conscientious. I've sweated at my patter I 'ave. I've re-written it a 'undred times. But do I think I can get as much as a contract on a syndicate turn at the rate of fifteen pahnd a week? Not one. You take it from me, cleverness ain't wanted.

"It's like this. You take the story of Mary and 'er little lamb by way o' speakin' in parables. Well, we all know 'e 'ad a fleece as white as snow. If you say, ventriloquially, that 'is fleece was as black as ink, and think it's original, as it undoubtedly is, why the damager just says, 'Cut that out. That breaks no fresh ground.'

"Breaks no fresh ground! That's been what you might call the nightmare o' my existence—this 'ere no fresh ground! It's dinned in my 'ead that sentence till it's made me that bitter that I've turned it on others. When the landlady gives me a nasty look, and asks me when I'm likely to pay up the arrears, I just eyes 'er an' ses like a manager, 'Your words, Mrs. Baggs, are to the point, but they weary me. They break no fresh ground! I lets my property merchant 'ave that same all-coverin' sentence when 'e sends in 'is little bill with the 'account rendered' on it, and the red ticket with the old, old remark about what'll happen in eight days if this 'ere settlement ain't dooly made.

"It's useful, too, when the chucker-out 'ere literally kicks me out at night. It breaks—but I'm sick o' the bloomin' remark altogether—dead sick of it. And now I lets me landlord bags suffer in silence.

"Not but what I don't get a chance sometimes. I've got influential friends, I have, in the perfesh.

"And it was only the other day that they got me a show at one o' the syndicate 'alls—a trial show with no audience, but just the bloomin' managers a-sittin' round in stone-cold judgment on yer, and the 'all dark, and not as much as a laugh to cheer ye on, or the 'omely smell of orange peel.

"The hauditorium is ghostly at such times, the seats all covered up, the boxes simply black chunks in dark red plush draperies. That's 'ow is strikes yer—and it strikes yer chill!

"To a man 'oo likes the sea o' pansy faces, that breaks the ground if you like!

"But the like o' me—well, we're easily satisfied. Dare-say the damn managers 'ud look on that as usual, and come in with the old gag: 'It . . .' Oh, 'ang the quip! It sacrifices me immortal soul; it sits on it an' keeps it down.

"But that's the sort o' thing you 'ave to anticipate when 'angin' round the dressin'-rooms a-waitin' an' amusin' yourself as best you can by readin' all the paddock tips wrote on the walls, an' speculatin' 'ow, like your many 'opes, they 'ad gone down.

"That trial show I told you I got, I 'ad to wait three hours for my call to come on in front of the Ikeys. Yet I had in me breast the 'ope of the man who is so broke that 'e can't be more rocky whatever 'appens—the cheery optimism of the feller what 'as everything to gain an' not as much as an over-due pawn-ticket to lose.

"I stood by the dressin'-rooms an' mugged my patter up, an' went through my little song, 'Lucky Jim,' with topical verses. An' then, after three hours an' ten minutes, the conductor of the orchestra came to me, all lard, an' asked me for my incidental music.

"Then 'e 'eld out 'is paw.

"'Payment for the band in advance, sir,' 'e says, and me without a rap!"

The contractless ventriloquist sighed, half in sorrow, half in anticipation of the whisky, and glanced at the advertisement for Dewar's White Label.

"Payment in advance! It broke no fresh ground," he said, slowly and artistically.

He looked round, but the stranger was gone.

"Another darn journalist got a guinea for nothing," he said.

And the obvious and well-worn comment died on his parched lips.

OXFORD "CATCHES."

The other day the writer was in a railway carriage where a seedy-looking individual was talking rather loudly. According to his own account, he was an Oxonian, and seizing an opportunity of joining in, the writer asked him what college he had been at.

"Christ Church," said he. That made me suspicious, and I asked him what was the nickname for Christ Church. He pretended he had forgotten, and I knew him for an impostor, for to every Oxonian, Christ Church is "The House."

Nearly every Oxford College has its nickname.

Jesus College is "Jaggers," St. Catherine's "Kat's," while Balliol is "Basutoland," because there are so many black men there.

New College is never spoken of as New, but always New College or New Coll.

University College is Univ., members of Trinity College are "Trindogs," while Magdalen, the Prince of Wales's college, is, of course, pronounced Maudlin.

FROM THE FIELD.

CUP-TIE AND LEAGUE NOTES.

Thirty thousand people flocked to Park Avenue, Bradford, to see the big Cup-tie that brought together two teams from the same town—namely, Bradford, who were playing on their own ground, and Bradford City. The game was very fast and exciting, and Bradford were unlucky to lose to the City by 1—0, because they lost the services, through injury, of their right back, Watson, early in the first half.

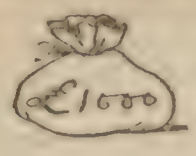
There are still three Southern teams in the competition. These are Fulham, Reading, and either Swindon or West Ham United, which two latter will have replayed their drawn game in the third round by the time these lines are in print.

Reverting to the League games, the few matches which were played in the First and Second Division were not as well attended as usual owing to the Cup-ties, but most of them produced a surprising fluctuation of form. Newcastle United had difficulty, at home, in beating Preston North End by 1—0, and Tottenham Hotspur, after flattering their supporters by leading by 2—0 at half time against Notts County at Nottingham, went to pieces in the second half, and allowed the home side to draw by 2 goals all.

In the Second Division, Chelsea were decidedly unlucky to lose to Burnley at Stamford Bridge by 2—0. Burnley were in great form, and with all their men in the field Chelsea would have been hard pressed. But not long after the start Thompson, a Chelsea player, hurt his leg, and was of hardly any use to his side. By this time Burnley led by 1—0. With Chelsea playing practically only ten men in the second half, Burnley were enabled to add the second and final goal some thirteen minutes after the resumption. It was at about this time that another Chelsea man, Cameron, was hurt, and had to retire. Thus the Londoners had only ten men, and as one was dead lame, they had to all intents and purposes only nine.

Although the Stamford Bridge club are still lying second on the Division II. table, their set-back by Burnley, who now lead them by 3 points, is a serious blow to their chances of promotion.

G. K.



BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

OFFICE SUBSCRIPTION LISTS.

AN EMPLOYEE'S PROTEST.

In many quarters there is great soreness among all ranks of employees at the increasing number of calls that are made upon them to subscribe to this and that and the other object, more or less remotely connected with the firm for which one is working.

Instances of this expense and nuisance are common, but one from the writer's own recent experience is typical of most of them, so it will serve for an illustration.

Our office is a mercantile one, and there are, all told, about twenty clerks of various grades, earning from £6 to 22s. a week each.

The other day there came along one of the heads of departments quietly to each one of us, with an imposing looking list in his hand. A little writing at the top informed us that as Mr. —— was about to be married to Miss —— it was thought that the staff would like to mark the event by making a little presentation as a mark of esteem, etc.

The list was then headed by the managing-director, who, out of his £1,250 a year, had felt able to afford a guinea. Four heads of departments followed with 10s. 6d. each, and 10s. was the offering of the chief clerk, whose salary is £400 a year.

When the list had passed the clerks, everybody had put down sums varying from 7s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.

We discussed the matter afterwards over a cup of tea at the tea-shop we all patronise; and out of fourteen of us present, only one had ever heard of the existence of the man who was going to be married, and nobody knew anything of the bride-elect.

It may be argued that we were not bound to subscribe, but when your employer's representative comes and tells you "we are getting up a little present for Mr. ——," it is only the boldest and most outspoken who will say "I know nothing of Mr. ——, and don't care whether he is going to be married or buried."

To pretend that Mr. —— ever heard or cared a jot about us, or we about him, was the utmost nonsense.

This sort of thing is going on in every office, and, as an employee none too well paid, I should like to protest.

E. N.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

At the time of writing the Stock markets are all on the up grade on the rumour that there will be no national coal strike.

Home Rails close at the top, and undoubtedly the rise will continue with the strike out of the way.

There is no necessity for me to pick and choose by giving tips, as all stocks will go better and speculators ought to buy the stock in the list which they know most about.

The Tin share market has proved the liveliest during the week, and prices have risen substantially. Benue Tin shares at 1⅜ are, I am advised, going much higher.

The Oil and Rubber markets are quiet and inclined to be lower.

Canadian Pacifics are easier, although there is not much change here or in Trunks.

Mexican Rails are lower on the insurrection news, which is attaining quite alarming proportions.

American prices are moving within very narrow limits, and one cannot advise at the moment whether to be a "bull" or a "bear."

Mines even close firmer, but the outlook for Kaffirs continues very unpromising.

Rhodesians also are dull, but the outlook in this section is better, and holders ought not to sacrifice their holdings at present prices.

A friend of mine who generally knows what he is talking about strongly advises a purchase of Mysore Gold shares, now standing at 5½, for a quick rise. The shares are £1 each, fully paid, and dividends averaging over 130 per cent. per annum have been paid for the last eight years. The accounts are published next month and may be interesting.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

"Artist" (Westhoughton).—No value. The address given in the 1912 Stock Exchange Year-Book for the London office is, Balfour House, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Undoubtedly you have been swindled.

F. J.—I do not reply to queries unless accompanied by the name and address of the senders, which are not published.

"Constant Lady Reader" (Glasgow).—I am making inquiries and will let you know the result later.

P. G. (Dawlish).—Thanks for enclosures; they shall receive prompt attention.

"Scare" (Oulton).—The amount is too small to speculate up much, and I think you would be quite safe in investing it in No. 3.

N. G. (Chester).—I do not advise you to average at present. Although the company is said to be doing better, it is quite on the cards that there will be a further fall in price before the turn really comes.

F. S. (Leeds).—Far better left alone; the promises are far too glowing, and such high interest cannot be earned with safety.

"Thankful" (Derry).—Pleased to have been of use to you. Of your present list I prefer Nos. 2 and 7. There is heavy liability on No. 3 and no market at all in No. 1.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

COMPETENT MEN

are always in demand, and we always have a large number of High Grade positions open for men possessed of Special Ability—Technical or otherwise. If you are possessed of such ability, and have character which is proven or provable, write us to-day—or call.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

ENDERBY'S LAPSE

By C. ASHLEY HUNT.

Mr. James Enderby was an eminently respectable bachelor of forty, one of the pillars of Spinton middle-class society, and a strict teetotaler. For over twenty years he had served in the office of Miller and Ling, principal solicitors of Spinton, and at the present time he was chief clerk.

As punctual as the clock, regular as the succession of the four seasons, he varied scarce a hair's breadth from routine and habits which had become second nature, and by all the people of Spinton he was looked upon as a model of propriety and respectability, and a pattern worthy of all imitation, excepting perhaps in his preference for the bachelor life.

It came, therefore, in the nature of a rude shock to Mr. Enderby one morning, as he took his way to his office at his usual time, to be met by his fellow-townsmen in a manner entirely opposed to custom and precedent. Instead of the usual "Good morning, sir!" and "Fine morning, Mr. Enderby!"—the greeting as he passed acquaintances took the shape of curt nods, winks, sly laughs, and expressive facial contortions by the residue.

Mr. Enderby was shocked and highly indignant at the familiarity and strange departure from custom, and by the time he had reached his office his back and manner had visibly stiffened. Into his room he strode, to be accosted with a curt "Good morning!" by the "head," who, without further remark, passed into his private office.

No "Mr. Enderby," no address of any kind. Enderby was confounded at the treatment; and all the day his manner was after the manner of a bear with a sore head. Introspection and brooding only added to his mental unrest; he was so upset was he at the end of the day's work that, instead of the customary evening stroll, he remained indoors and sulked in his own room.

The following morning he took his way to the office in a mood that sat strange on the erstwhile affable and courteous Mr. Enderby, and his reception as he passed down the street did not tend to increase his stock of affability or soothe his feeling.

"Hallo, old man!" with a wink and a broad grin—actually from a grocer's assistant!

"How do, guv'nor? Bit 'eavy in the top storey this mornin', eh?"—by all the powers, from the town sweep!

The chief clerk gritted his teeth and clenched his fists; a furious outburst was on the tip of his tongue, but he restrained it and that he was one of a class removed from such, and with a proud up-jerk of the head he resumed his walk.

"Mornin', Enderby! Meet you to-night—same place?" with a familiar nod and outstretch of the hand as the chief clerk approached—from a greengrocer's man! This was the limit.

"Confound your impudence!" and for a moment Mr. Enderby glared at the man as though he would pulverise him; then, ignoring the outstretched hand and the chop-fallen expression of the greengrocer's face, he strode off, muttering unutterable things.

"Ha! Ha!" came the man's derisive laugh, following him into the distance. "Poor old Enderby's ratty this mornin'. He's got 'em, and no wonder. When chaps like him break loose, there's no stoppin' 'em; they're fair dangerous. So long, Enderby!" he shouted after the retreating figure. "This evening—same place, mind!" and with a boisterous "Ha! ha!"

When the chief clerk arrived at his office, his face and neck were the colour of a healthy beetroot; his rage well-nigh consumed him. Inside the door stood the firm's senior partner.

"Good morning, sir!" ventured the clerk. The solicitor vouchsafed no answer whatever. Instead "Come inside a moment, please," and strode off into his room, close followed by the amazed clerk.

"This kind of thing will have to stop!" abruptly and without preliminaries. Mr. Enderby was dumbfounded; had all creation gone mad? He stood with mouth agape, speechless, and wondering if the end of the world were at hand.

The solicitor continued: "I passed over your conduct yesterday without comment, but strove to show by my manner that I entirely disapproved of your behaviour. The firm of Miller and Ling is too well known and too highly respected to number among its staff men who pass their time drinking in common pot-houses, and staggering about the streets, and ——"

"It's false, sir!" in a shout; the chief clerk's amazement and rage had reached breaking-point. "I've been a teetotaler all my life; and I spent the whole of last evening indoors. My landlady will ——"

The solicitor regarded him for a moment with a stern expression. "That statement only increases the seriousness of the offence. When a man adds lying to intemperance, it's time to ——"

"It's truth, sir! And I can prove it," firmly from Mr. Enderby.

"It's useless to prevaricate, Enderby. There were several eye-witnesses to the scene; all these I can ignore; but I saw you myself, and I can believe my own eyes."

The chief clerk was dumbstruck; not a further word could he utter; and the "head" abruptly closed the interview with: "That is the last time it must occur. Any further lapse will be visited by instant dismissal"—and the solicitor turned to his work, while the clerk slowly and thoughtfully went back to his room.

If any man were ever held in the grip of confusion and amazement, it was James Enderby, who all that day felt that the foundation of things had been uprooted and destroyed.

After tea, and just as the evening shadows began to fall, he went out for a solitary stroll and to commune with himself on the mystery that surrounded him.

* * * * * * *

"Good evenin', Enderby! You *was* grumpy this mornin' when I met you," from the greengrocer's man, in the bar-parlour of the "Blue Boar"—a wayside hostel about a mile from Spinton.

"Grumpy, was I! Ha, ha! Enderby nothing! Who's Enderby, anyway?"

"Garn! Who yer gettin' at! Goin' to stand us a glass, to-night?"

"Yes! I'm free—free as the air as long as the rhino lasts. But—about Enderby! I'm Jack Sharp in my own home."

The greengrocer's man gave up the riddle, and raised the foaming glass to his lips. "'Ere's luck!"

"Same to you!" and "Sharp" shortly after took his leave, departing in a zig-zag course towards Spinton. After about five minutes' walk he pulled up short. Another pedestrian had approached, coming from the town; and as the two met, both involuntarily halted and stood staring at each other like stuck pigs. What was the matter? They were total strangers to each other, but—and then the one who had called himself Sharp burst into a loud roar of laughter, in which the other couldn't help but join, though in a more modified degree, for one was the exact double of the other! In hair, in eyes, in face, in dress, down to the very minutest detail one was an exact reproduction of the other—as like as two peas in the same pod.

"Well, I'm hanged!" burst in Sharp. "I thought you was my twin brother, only I haven't got any brothers," and again broke into an irresistible roar of merriment.

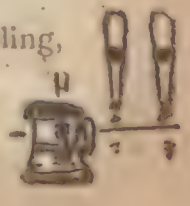
"The resemblance is—er—certainly remarkable," returned Mr. Enderby with a watery smile, for he it was. Then a fearful suspicion shot into his brain.

"Here, I say! Do you—er—are you a frequenter of the public-house?"

"What's that to you, old boy? Mind your own business!" returned Sharp.

"But it's everything to me! Why, I've been mistaken for you—or you've been mistaken for me; and—and I'm threatened with dismissal from my work, and—and the loss of my personal dignity and respect, and—and no end of things, because they say I've taken to the drink; me"—and he raised himself to his full height—"who's never touched intoxicants all my life. This'll have to stop! You are a stranger in the town, I think; and you'll have to quit, or I shall appeal to the police."

A cunning gleam shot into Sharp's eyes. "I'm willing,



old boy, but you'll have to make it worth my while," with an insinuating leer.

Mr. Enderby pondered. "Well—I'll give you £2 to clear out this evening."

"£2! Not so likely! Make it £5, old chap, and I'm game."

Again Mr. Enderby pondered. "Well, I'll do as you say, though your demand is extortionate. Wait here, and I'll return in less than a quarter of an hour."

Like a sprint walker the clerk strode to his lodgings, and returned with the gold. "There you are. Now go!"

"Right!" and Sharp walked away, then turned about and called back, "Good night, Enderby!"

"Er—good-night, Mr.—er——"

"Enderme—that's it!—Enderme!" and with a loud guffaw, he disappeared.

Next morning, in his walk to business, the marks of familiarity were increased tenfold, and the chief clerk was in a thorough maze by the time he reached the office. No sooner had he entered the door than the solicitor came forward. "Here, Enderby!" and the clerk followed to his room.

"Here's your money—and an extra month's in lieu of notice. Now go!" with finger pointed to the street door.

"But, sir, it's monstrous! It's another scoundrel who's——"

He got no further. Catching him by the shoulders, the solicitor shot him into the street, and turned the key in the lock.

Outside he stood convulsed with rage. Then a fierce light suddenly leaped into his eyes—a man was approaching. Striding forward, he collared the new-comer and laid it on with his clenched umbrella—on the man's head, face, neck—all over his body. And when he had left off, he glared at the inert mass of humanity that answered to the name of Sharp.

"Now, you scoundrel! Clear out at once—at once, mind!" he yelled at the top of his voice. "And if I find you in the town again, I'll have a warrant for blackmail!" and Sharp slunk off and was lost in the distance.

Practically the whole High Street had witnessed the scene, among them the two solicitors, and all were startled and amazed at the extraordinary likeness. Then a light broke, and the senior partner approached the chief clerk with outstretched hand, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Enderby. We've made an utter mistake. You are—er—re-instated, and—well, say no more about the matter."

The chief clerk returned the grip, then pulled his coat into its proper position, turned about, and re-entered the office.

Mr. Enderby's respectability and self-esteem had been thoroughly vindicated.

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Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

G. D. N. (Eltham).—We do not care to enter into a discussion as to whether the Australian cricketers are genuine amateurs or not. So long as the M.C.C. accept them as amateurs that is good enough for us.

"Foozle" (Durham).—A player's partner or caddie may point out the line of a putt, but in doing so he must not touch the ground with the flag, his hand, or anything, nor may any mark be placed on the ground.

V. S. (Notting Hill Gate).—If the publisher does not care to take the risk of publishing the book at his own expense, it is probably not worth publishing.

"Bob" (Norwich).—Under Billiards Association Rules an amateur must not play in public when a charge for admission is made, without first receiving permission from the Association.

J. D. F. (Sowerby Bridge).—An old Dulwich College boy is an "Old Alleynian."

S. T. (Brighton).—Bob Crompton, the famous Blackburn Rovers back, has yet to win a Cup Final medal, but he seems to have a mighty good chance of one this year.

"Mark" (Stoke Newington).—The exact distance of the Grand National course is four miles 896 yards.

P. G. (Faversham).—To "kiss the scavenger's daughter" means to be put to the torture. In the reign of Henry VIII., one Skevington, Lieutenant of the Tower, invented an instrument of torture which became known as "Skevington's daughter," and eventually Skevington was corrupted into scavenger. See? Don't apologise. We like to answer little conundrums of this sort on our head, and it is always a pleasure to feed the inquiring mind.

"Francis" (Stockport).—A no-ball at cricket is signalled by extending one arm horizontally, but, of course, the umpire must also call "no-ball" the moment it is delivered. A batsman may be run out from a no-ball, and he may also be given out to a no-ball for obstructing the field, handling the ball, and similar offences.

R. S. (Yarmouth).—After firing with blank cartridge the rifle must be cleaned even more carefully than usual, for the cartridge leaves more fouling in the bore than ball, for the simple reason that there is no bullet to clear away the fouling left by the preceding round.

Dundee.—A dance in connection with the West End Half-Holiday Football Club, a branch of the Modern Man Club, is to be held in the Foresters' Hall on April 3. Application for tickets should be made to Mr. R. H. Williamson, 185, Albert Road, Dundee.

E. R. J. (Nottingham), **J. H.** (Rochdale), **A. E. F. H.** (Burton Bradstock), **F. S.** (Burton-on-Trent), **R. S. M.** (Shelley), **E. F. M. M.** (Thornton), **J. W.** (London, W.)—Many thanks.

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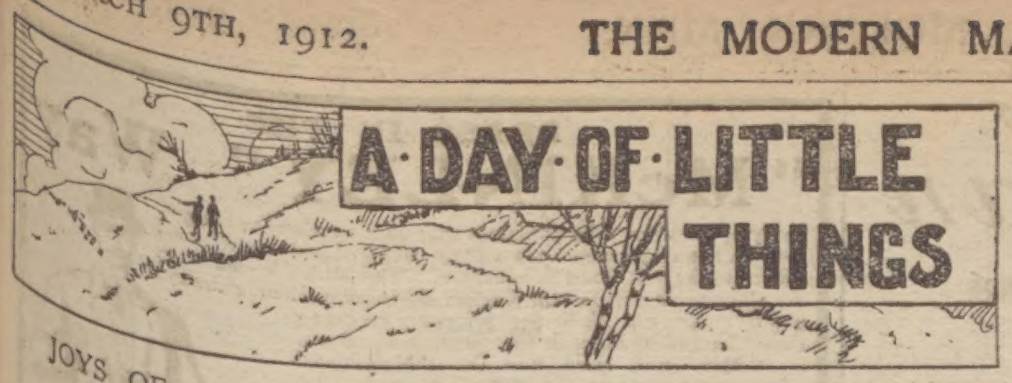
If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons send them along with a Postal Order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," THE MODERN MAN Office, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.



JOYS OF A RURAL EXPEDITION WITHOUT AN OBJECT.

It takes a good deal more than a wet day to keep two normally energetic men at home, and, contrariwise, it needs but a very slight prospect of amusement to attract them forth from the house. Indeed, the mere desire to go out into the open is usually sufficient argument against all considerations of getting wet and so forth that might weigh heavily with townsmen or with women, who in this respect are strangely similar.

Looking out of the cottage window on a free day, when the post has brought nothing interesting, and the newspaper has not yet arrived—it reaches us about tea-time usually—the same thought struck us both. This was not surprising, for the thought was by no means original. It was expressed in the brief exclamation, "Let's go out for the whole day."

RAIDING THE LARDER.

The fact that there was nothing else to do did not in the least suggest that the proposal was a forlorn hope. On the other hand, it seemed to strike both of us as quite a brilliant one, and we proceeded to make such preparations as were necessary.

And first of all came the important matter of making provision for the hunger which we knew would assail us with overwhelming strength after two or three hours of doing nothing (and enjoying it immensely) in a wet and misty countryside.

We, therefore, raided the larder. This, to me, is always a fascinating adventure. A well-stocked and orderly larder seldom fails to provide surprises and delights to two men who are about to start on an expedition of unknown length and of uncertain object.

By means of careful distribution of food among our several pockets, we felt that even our appetites would be satisfied when, in the shelter of some distant, and as yet undiscovered, barn, we should sit down upon the cold iron of a plough, or on the edge of a manger and take our fill.

HUNGER DEFIED.

And so we made tremendous sandwiches, well lined with cold bacon and cold beef, with salt and pepper to give them additional relish.

In the recesses of our capacious overalls we placed well-cut wedges of a crusty, wholesome home-made cake, half of which rapidly disappeared under the masterful strokes of a table-knife. All this we supplemented by three Blenheim oranges apiece, and a couple of somewhat smaller cheese sandwiches as a savoury.

With such a provision, we could face wind, rain, fatigue, muddy roads, soaked fields, and any other experience, ordinary or extraordinary, that might befall us.

It is astonishing to find what a bulk of material can be carried without inconvenience, if care is taken in its distribution and packing. This latter is as important as any point, for it is essential that during the voyage the cargo shall not shift. The possibility of scattering valuable provender to the winds in the act of jumping a hedge or scrambling through a gap was not forgotten, and we left home like two camels ready to cross a desert. Pipes and tobacco, and an extra supply of matches, completed—with a stout ash plant apiece—our outfit.

It is quite accurate, too, to say, as the novelists say, that "our way took us." Certainly we did not take our way, for never once did we deliberately stop to consider as to which direction we should take.

Two hours of walking found us not many miles from our headquarters, but sufficiently distant to give that delicious feeling that we had "burned our boats," or that we had cut our communications, and that help from the base was out of the question.

Of all the enjoyments of such casual and insignificant outings as these, we both agreed that the pleasantest was the feeling of being prepared for anything.

OUT IN THE RAIN.

The rain increased to a dense and saturating drizzle, which would have soaked any garments that were not intended and guaranteed, as ours were, to keep out any rain. Now and again we would halt and nod our heads forward, send a heavy stream of accumulated rain showering down from the brims of our tweed hats, but by dint of turning the brims downward even this inconvenience was disposed of, and the drops fell harmlessly on our well-covered shoulders.

Throughout the day we walked without fixing any special destination; taking a cross-country direction, now by lanes, now by fields, now striking through a silent and soaked woodland path, where empty cartridge cases told of past shooting days.

Nothing struck us as so interesting as the appearance of things—houses, farms, woods, hills, and even the fields, when approached from unaccustomed directions. The entire landscape changes as one changes the way of approach, and some uncertainty was always added to our position by the dense rain sheets that hid the landscape at frequent intervals.

FINDING SHELTER.

Being independent of measured time, we had only our appetites to guide us, and it must have been some time after midday that we began consciously to look around for a shelter and a seat where we could "dine" from our well-stocked pockets.

A distant chalk-pit that stood out white and clear through the mists on the hill-side seemed a likely place, and here, after a sharp twenty minutes' walk—the first definite object we had set ourselves that day—we found shelter from the rains that scudded overhead.

Getting our teeth into those wedge-like sandwiches was an elemental joy. Packet after packet was produced and devoured, and after an hour's strenuous eating, I'll be bound that neither of us was completely satisfied!

Miles began to seem longer as we neared home, and our senses were less susceptible to the pleasures of the open country. Dusk, too, came suddenly down, and by the time darkness had set in, two weary, wet (and again hungry!) men were stamping their muddy feet on the bricks at the back door of a warm and welcome cottage.

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The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

HAIR AND HARMONY.

Among the factors that the man who wishes to be well-dressed has to take into consideration when choosing his clothes is his own colouring, and here error is frequent.

The black man when he takes to European attire has a predilection for light colours, which, of course, serve only to accentuate his Ethiopian skin, but many a white man is guilty of similar indiscretion and walks about a living discord of colour.

THE RED-HAIRED MAN.

Hair is a predominant factor in a man's general colouring. Certain shades of hair are almost invariably associated with certain eyes and complexions, the most obvious example being the creamy skin and greenish-blue eyes of the red-haired man.

Of course, there are exceptions. A red-haired man may have brown eyes and a dark-haired man may have a ginger moustache, though I never met a red-haired man with a dark moustache outside a freak museum, but the general rule is: certain hair, certain eyes, and complexion, and a man should dress according to his hair.

Let us take, then, suitable colours for the red-haired man.

On the whole he should wear light colours. Blacks and blues, at any rate, must be avoided. They call attention to his flaming locks, and suggest the split-your-eyeball tartans of Rob Roy or Macleod.

Browns are by no means bad, but the red-haired man had best stick to greys and greens. The latter, however, must be subdued, otherwise he will look like an æsthete from "Patience"—

> A greenery yallery, Grosvener Gallery
> Foot-in-the-grave young man.

Marked patterns must be avoided. There is really nothing to beat a quiet, fairly light grey tweed, of unobtrusive stripe or check.

The red-haired man's ties must be very carefully chosen. On no account should he indulge in reds, blues, or *vivid* greens. Subdued greens, browns, black and French grey are his safest leads.

If possible, the red-haired man should stick to lounge suits of the type described, or, anyway, to grey frock or morning coats. A black topper does not go well with red hair, but the discord is most noticeable when the coat is also black.

In short the person who is blessed or cursed with red hair—it all depends on the point of view—should regard grey as his best friend.

Turn we now to some other types.

SONS OF SATURN.

There is the man who has been born under the planetary influence of Saturn, seen in his straight, black hair, dark eyes, and sallow complexion.

Such a one often makes himself look like a funeral mute by dressing in black from head to foot. Black is not altogether unbecoming to the son of Saturn, but it must be relieved. His tie, for instance, should be light—I don't mean a brilliant, primary colour, but say a Saxe-blue, grass-green, or delicate yellow.

Please understand that when I speak of a "sallow complexion," I do not mean a pasty, unhealthy one, but the brownish olive peculiar to those with raven-black hair.

Subject to this qualification, the Saturnian's colours are brown and yellow. Dark greys are also allowable, while blue serge is in the picture. He should, however, avoid very light clothes.

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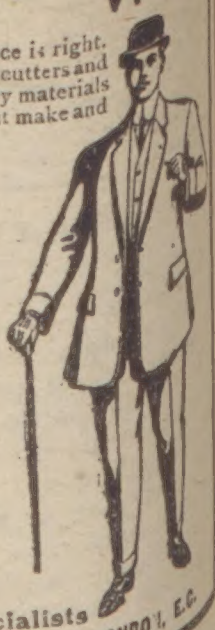

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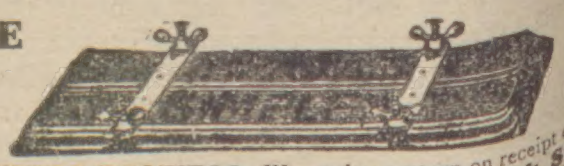

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AND SOME OTHERS.

Men of the sanguine, choleric temperament, who have generally brown hair, which turns grey quickly, blue eyes, and fresh complexions, may wear almost anything, with the exceptions of browns, yellows, pepper-and-salt mixtures.

Blacks, blues, greys suit them very well, but anything in the nature of drab must be taboo.

In their ties they should particularly avoid any shade of purple or violet.

Blue is all right, but purple gives them a livid appearance.

Men of the sandy type, on the other hand, should steer clear of blue and avoid greens like the plague. Black, brown, or a medium grey should be their sheet-anchors.

The brown man, not to be confused with the son of Saturn, but he with light brown hair, brown eyes, and a warm, russet skin, should be careful of black.

He cannot go far wrong with a carefully-chosen brown. Grey is generally all right, but he must be careful that it does not make him look pasty.

I hope to return to this, I think, interesting subject of hair, harmony, and habiliments, but for the present must pass on.

MY CHALLENGE.

You may remember that in a recent issue I promised a handsome putty medal to the first officer, Regular or Territorial, who would visit the Gaiety Theatre wearing his mess uniform.

I am glad to say that there is some prospect of my challenge being accepted, but of this more anon.

"CHINSTRAP" NOT TAKING ANY.

I may say, however, that I suggested to my friend "Chinstrap" that he might care to make the experiment. His reply was couched in language by repeating which I decline to sully these spotless pages.

When he had calmed down a little, he told me that when he was at Cape Town, a local District Standing Order made it obligatory on officers attending the theatre to do so in uniform.

One night a sportive captain decided to ignore the regulation and went to the theatre in ordinary evening dress. He was accompanied by a lady whose name had only to be mentioned at any feminine gathering to excite loud sniffs.

They were shown into a box, and —— stood up to survey the house. He sat down hurriedly on the floor, for in the box directly opposite were the General and his staff, all in uniform. But this is scarcely relevant.

EXIT SHOCK SOCKS.

I hope none of my readers has been or will be lured into buying violent socks against the coming summer.

Shock socks are dead, and I am glad of it. Few men can afford to call attention to the size of their feet, and this is precisely what the dazzling socks of last summer did for them.

Besides, there were more serious evils. Several vessels were wrecked through the socks of seaside evening promenaders being mistaken for coastwise lights, while it is pretty well known that M. Paulhan lost the great air-race round Britain through the scarlet and yellow socks of an onlooker. These, when flying in the dark, he mistook for a control bonfire and descended some miles short of his proper mark.

Socks for outdoor wear this season will be in quiet whole colours, preferably black or blue, with small, unostentatious clocks, and again, I say, I am glad of it.

There is one type of coloured socks which is not likely to pass out of favour for some time to come. I mean those of the shade which is, I believe, described by the term "elephant grey." Despite their name, they do not make one's feet look elephantine, for they are very quiet and unobtrusive, and they go equally well with black and brown shoes.

SUMMER WAISTCOATS.

I hear, however, that the "bloods" will let themselves go this summer in their waistcoats, and I foresee some painful spectacles. I have no objection to a fancy waistcoat, but it must be very well cut, and very judiciously chosen, otherwise it looks awful.

I will return to this subject, but for the present I counsel the reader to avoid ready-made fancy waistcoats, and those of startling design, unless he can afford to have several of them, for one does not like to be known by one's waistcoat.

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